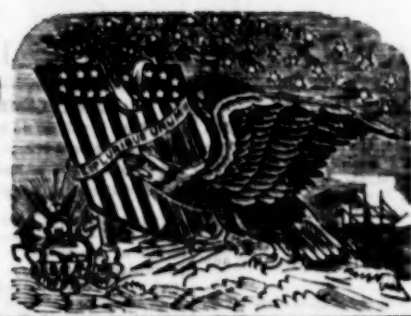


# THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

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# EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

## MY SECRET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY NORA FERRY.

What if I think of you once in a while,  
With a little blush and a little smile,  
With a little blush that comes and goes,  
As the sweet, sweet wind of memory blows?

What if I picture now with care,  
A tete-a-tete, and an easy chair?  
What if I make the picture clear,  
By lighting it up with a chandelier?

Can you see by the softly shimmering flame?  
Can you see to read the musical name  
Of him who sits in graceful ease,  
On the little rosewood tete-a-tete?

Can you see me sitting before him there,  
Sitting within the easy chair?  
Can you hear the laugh, can you hear the jest—  
The musical laugh of my handsome guest?

Is it unwise to paint the view,  
In colors so warm, and light it too?  
Will somebody claim the graceful state  
On the little rosewood tete-a-tete?

How many may lose by claiming that?  
For many a handsome guest has sat,  
Beneath the shimmering chandelier,  
While the easy chair was standing near.

How many may lose, how many may win!  
Ah, Vanity is a costly sin!  
For the one I mean will never suppose  
That for him the wind of memory blows.

Then what if I think of you once in a while,  
With a little blush and a little smile,  
With a little blush that comes and goes,  
As the sweet, sweet wind of memory blows?

## COURTSHIPS AT CARNEDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MARY HOWITT.

It is not my purpose to relate any romantic history of high-born, wealthy, or fashionable heroes and heroines, but a little narrative of simple village folk, such as you or I, dear reader, might encounter any day. The scene of our story is laid in a little village in the North of Wales.

Wild, bleak hills shut in a small valley opening out to the sea, and through this valley a mountain torrent rushes, dashing and leaping along its stony channel, spanned by a one-arched gray stone bridge, though, for convenience, when the water is sufficiently low, crossed in many places by rude stepping-stones chosen from amongst the huge boulders which form the bed of the river, and marks its course along the valley. Standing upon the hill tops, where the quiet black cattle graze, you look down upon the village as it lies below, in the form of the letter Y, dotted out in white houses upon a green ground. Very clean and pleasant it looks, with its small church-tower rising up against the opposite hill side, and its two large Methodist chapels, large enough for a moderately sized county town, standing out in bold relief, like sovereigns amid their subjects.

Descending into the narrow, straggling street, you discern the cottages to be poor, though clean, and rendered picturesque by their slated and thatched roofs being overgrown with grass and golden stone-crop. Each door is garnished with a stone-built pig-sty, the inhabitants of which are seldom within its bounds, but more generally parading, with a solemn grant, the dusty, stony street outside.

This little village, or rather hamlet, boasts of no gentry. The clergyman resides a mile away, and the Methodist preachers belong pretty much to the village class, except such magistrates from a distance, who on rare occasions visit their humbler brethren of Carnedd, or as properly pronounced, Carnedd.

At the commencement of our narrative, Carnedd boasted of two shops, the sole external difference of which consisted in one being the post-office, and in the name above the door being *Hugh Owen*, whilst the other, not having the dignity of post-office, bore the name of *Owen Hughes*. Both shops professed to sell drapery goods and groceries; both supplied the village children with sweets, and similar goods were served upon opposite counters. Behind Hugh Owen's counter stood a tall, rather awkward, silent, and if it might be so expressed, elderly young man, that is to say, a young man who appeared possessed of a gravity or experience beyond his years. Behind the counter of the rival shop, for rivals the shops were, stood a figure the very reverse of Hugh Owen's, as to height and sex, but with something not dissimilar in the character of premature gravity and experience stamped upon her countenance. "Little Mary," the village called her, and little enough she was, appearing in stature quite child-like behind the high counter.

The family Bible declared her age to be twenty, whilst strangers, judging from her figure, or from the gravity of her expression and demeanor, varied in estimating it at any number between twelve and thirty. Behind the shop, through an open door, its brown stone floor quaintly ornamented with a neatly whitened, flowery pattern, termed by Mary her carpet. Upon this elegant floor stood the cleanest of three-legged deal tables, and a brightly rubbed oak commode, whilst the walls were covered with wonderfully bright pots and pans, together with other kitchen

utensils, and various gaily colored pictures of Scriptural subjects framed and glazed. In a tall arm-chair upon the hearth, old Owen Hughes, the patriarchal shopkeeper, and Mary's much cherished grandfather might generally be found, reading a Welsh version of the Psalms, and clad in an old-fashioned homespun suit, gray stockings of Mary's knitting, and heavy woolen-soled shoes, with large brass clasps; his long, white hair falling on his shoulders, and his aged figure bowed over his book, which was held very near to his large, horn-rimmed spectacles. The Psalms were his constant reading—being very deaf, and not able to hear much of the village gossip, they, Mary, who was the apple of his eye, and a few fields, which he owned on the neighboring mountain, wholly occupied his thoughts.

A great contrast to this cheerful little apartment was the kitchen, dwelling and sleeping-room of their next door neighbor, Cordelia, or as she was familiarly called, Della Jones, and whose abode, in fact, separated the rival shops. Della's room, but meagrely supplied with domestic furniture, might easily have been supposed the harness-chamber of some thrifty groom, for its walls were hung with old horse-collars, straps, bridles, saddles and whips, whilst similar property, in better or worse condition, hung in dusty confusion from the ceiling. Della was noted throughout the country as an attendant of sales, and the purchaser of cheap bargains of saddlery, which, next to the object for which these purchases were made, was her great passion. The cottage, one storied, like all the surrounding ones, was rendered conspicuous by a projecting building, somewhat nearer and newer than the cottage itself, which jutted out on one side of the door, according to the fashion of the village, though in this case it was not for the accommodation of a pig, but was the stable of Della's pony, Shewyn, her pride and delight, and her main source of income into the bargain; for Della hired out her pony by the hour to summer tourists in that beautiful district; fetched luggage from the neighboring railway stations, or took it thither in a light cart, and was otherwise in demand throughout the neighborhood. Della was a tall and very handsome woman of about thirty, and might justly have been styled the queen of the village, her commanding bearing corresponding with her free-spoken and authoritative character.

She and Mary Hughes, whom she invariably styled "our little one," were very good friends, though she was equally friendly with Hugh Owen. "He is a sharp fellow," she would say, "and much wiser than any of us; for he can keep his own counsel, and that's what few people can do."

Almost daily might Della be seen seated on the counter of one or other of the shops, making her small purchases and engaged in friendly chat. She said it was a matter of principle with her to divide her custom between the rivals. A half-penny worth of soda was bought at Mary's and an equal quantity at Hugh's. "Put it into one paper," she would say to him, "the one is just as good as the other; they were bought from the same shop at Carnarvon, and both will go into the same washtub. They were made to be united—like you and little Mary! And now give me three-pence worth of tea; ten to one it's as good as her's, and her's is the best out of Carnarvon." And five minutes after, she would enter the other shop, her brown teapot in her hand.

"Here, little one, taste your neighbor's tea, though I swallow it down as though it were physic; for I can tell you he sells good tea, though he's a churchman and you a Methodist!" Della was a deep tactician. She resolved to effect a union between the two adverse parties, and not a day passed without her doing or saying something for this purpose. With Hugh Owen she always spoke as if he would marry Mary. He made no reply; never seemed to take the slightest notice of her words; but she said to herself, he heard them and that's enough. With Mary she pursued another mode. "If you're a good Methodist, Mary, you should know better than keep up a quarrel with a neighbor. I'd speak my mind to him, if I were you. Go to him straight off hand, and say, 'Here, Hugh—or neighbor, if you like it better—now I'll behave handsome. Turn over to me your cotton goods, and I'll turn over my groceries to you. Put up a new sign over your door, without draper, and I'll put up a new sign without grocer; and let us be good neighbors.' I should have the worse bargain, but then there would be an end of the quarrel; and a heart at peace is better than a full purse."

If Hugh Owen was reserved, and kept his feelings and his affairs to himself, Mary was not a whit behind him in these respects. Della flattered herself that she understood "the little one" thoroughly; and when she, one day, told Owen, with a desire to rouse his jealousy, that Mary did not care a hoot for him, she feared that she spoke the honest truth; but she was quite mistaken. Little Mary would not have been so grave-looking, had there not been a secret sorrow at her heart, which she was glad enough to conceal under another guise. And yet after all the rival shop was a sore trial to her; but not on her own account so much as because it wounded the pride of her old grandfather, who, in her eyes, was one of the chief persons on earth. His shop was the old established shop of the village; and old and deaf, and infirm as he was, Mary very well knew, that though he often said, in the bitterness of his heart, that he would shut up his shop, since his neighbors were not content with his goods, but would run to the first new comer,

yet that to do so in reality would be his death-blow. The shop, therefore, remained open, and Della and the other villagers divided their custom between the two. Then came another grievance; a post-office was to be established at Carnedd, and of course, old Owen Hughes expected it to be at his shop; but scarcely was the thing talked of than it was done, and the post-office was at Hugh Owen's. All the custom would of course now go to his shop; and he added a handsome supply of stationery to his other goods. Well might the rival shop be a sore subject to the anxious, grave little Mary.

Mary wrote very few letters, and those merely letters of business, so that she had little to do either with the purchase of fancy goods, or with the post-office. Presently, however, a very unlooked for occasion came.

The Rev. Rees Richards, a famous preacher of the Methodist connection, preached at the neighboring village of Bethesda, whither Mary went to hear him, accompanied by her venerable grandfather, who, if he could not hear the words of the eloquent brother, found good union in his presence, as they took tea with him, at the house of the Rev. John Evans, the established minister of that place. And to Mary's infinite astonishment, came very shortly afterwards a large letter, containing an offer of marriage from the great man. Whether it were the influence of those wonderful Welsh eyes of Mary's—eyes which certainly have an old national character, and are among the finest eyes in the world—or the prevailing idea that she would inherit a good deal of money at the old man's death, or better still, a true, instinctive sense of Mary's piety and native goodness which produced love at first sight, I cannot decide; but so it was, the moment he saw her; even as she sat in chapel during his sermon, the good man believed he saw the little woman who was to be his wife. Mary's astonishment at this letter was beyond words—for the Rev. Rees Richards was a great man, he was not merely a local or itinerant preacher, but a regular Conference minister, and his portrait had been given in a late number of the Methodist Magazine, taken from a London photograph. Never had Mary's little heart been in such a flutter and bewilderment before. She did not dare to tell her grandfather, because he could not possibly have taken any other idea into his head, but that she must accept him. Accept him she could not, and never till now had she realized to her own heart how strong was the influence by which it was swayed. Poor little Mary! she now looked still more grave and distracted, and Della rallied her without mercy. Mary would have given anything just now for a confidant and adviser; but she could think of nobody with whom she would like to take counsel unless it were the deceased Hugh Owen! What in all the world could make her think of him—the rival shopkeeper and a churchman into the bargain! But it was no use perplexing and making herself miserable—a letter must be written or the Rev. Rees Richards would be over in person, for so he threatened. The letter therefore was written, and then came another perplexity, where was it to be posted? Mary seemed all at once to see truth and reason in the words of her old grandfather, who always shook his head when he saw people posting their letters, and said—"Pity to spend so much time in letter writing and money in postage when they never know that their letters may reach their destination! He never wrote letters himself, and if he did he should think it wiser to post them at Bethesda, where the post-office was kept by the Rev. John Evans!" Yes, surely—there might be some truth in those words; and it was a pity indeed that the post-office was not at her shop, for then she could have posted her letter so safely—now, though she did not believe that Hugh Owen would do such a mean thing as detain a letter, yet, as he stamped all that went out, he would see hers and wonder why she wrote to the great preacher—"No, indeed," said she to herself, in her strong Welsh negative. The letter must not be posted at Carnedd—she would get Della Jones to take it over to Bangor and post it there. Poor Mary! she had a great deal better have quietly dropped her letter into her neighbor's box than have entrusted it to the will of Della. What was Mary writing to the Rev. Rees Richards about in that dry way? Having deliberated on this over, and ascertained that one hundred and thirteen sovereigns were safe, he took these one sovereign and a half, which he took carefully placed in his waistcoat pocket, he returned the larger remainder to the bag, secured it with a strong string, and then dropped it into the large pocket of his undercoat, and buttoning over all his old homespun overcoat, returned to the descending steep tracks, and in the gathering twilight hastened back towards the ford.

By the time he reached the river, however, night had gathered over the valley, and in the darkness he groped about anxiously for the stepping stones, but in vain, and no friendly and active guide was at hand. His staff sunk deep in the water as he felt about in the gurgling flood. He shouted again and again, but his feeble cry was lost in the thundering roar of the torrent, which, increasing in strength, now dashed and roared fiercely, churning and rolling about the huge stones which lay beneath their current. Deaf as old Hughes, a portentous, sullen murmur reached even his dull ears. He also knew, from his long life's experience in the valley, the dangerous nature of such a flood. He hastily strained his eyes to catch some straggling light through the darkness, which might cheer him with the knowledge of human aid being at all events

shop, and consequently withdrew her custom for three whole weeks.

And now it was winter; the morning of Christmas Eve. The snow which had fallen heavily during the former week had been thawing rapidly for the last two days. There were no tourists at this season to require Della's pony, which now, with one of his thrifty mistress's homespun blankets thrown over him, was kept warm in his somewhat windy stable.

Not much ready money therefore coming in to Della, she was very economical, and this morning had not lighted her fire, as she was going to Mary's to help her prepare a suitable dinner for a preacher from Merionethshire, the Rev. Lloyd Griffiths, and the Rev. John Evans, the preacher and post master of Bethesda, who were both to officiate the following day at Carnedd.

"I'll help them to cook as good a dinner as I can," said Della, "though I'm no Methodist, not I; and maybe they'll have the pony to take them back to Bethesda, for he is sure-footed, the beast! and the river will be swollen to-morrow night after the thaw, so that they must go around by the bridge. Yes, indeed, they'll be wanting the pony."

Old Hughes sat in his accustomed place, with his book lying open upon his knee, every now and then helping in the great cooking preparation, and then to bring in fuel or stir the contents of a saucepan on the fire. All this time, however, he was unusually restless and uneasy, and had not the two women been so busy about their own affairs they would have noticed it. About three o'clock therefore in the afternoon, whilst they were still in the midst of their preparation, Hughes folded together his large spectacles, placed them within his book, and put it away on the chimney shelf behind the brass candlesticks, and slowly crossing the room muttered to himself:

"Take one and a half from one hundred and thirteen—that will leave—let me see—a hundred and eleven and a half!"

"You are not going out this afternoon, grandfather?" said Mary anxiously, speaking into his ear, as the old man, having tied a red kerchief round his throat and put on his hat, began feeling about in a drawer of the commode where he kept his best gaiters, his Sunday spectacles, and a few nice apples for the children.

"Oh, Ay—I'll just go there and back," returned he, away from the point of her question, "I'll call and ask how the miller's asthma is. Oh—ay—you don't want me to help, do you?" he pursued, as Della now took hold of his shoulder wishing to detain him.

"No, no," returned Della quickly, and shouting into his ear—"but you must not go out in weather like this!"

"But I must go," he returned doggedly, and pulling his hat firmly over his eyes and taking his thick oak stick, he started off.

"Ah!" sighed little Mary, "there's no use trying to turn grandfather when he has got anything into his head."

They still pursued their hospitable preparations for the morrow, whilst old Hughes went quite in a different direction to that of the asthmatic miller's. The mountain stream was swollen to a river by the thaw, but a lad helped him very obligingly across the stepping stones, and having reached the other side, he quickened his pace and began to ascend, by the help of his staff, the wet and dreary mountain side in the direction of his own enclosed fields, among the old, anciently-ploughed lands of the mountain-tops. On he went, following the steep tracks, and carefully feeling his way until he reached the desired enclosure, in one of which were the ominous remains of a very ancient erection, probably a dwelling house, for the walls were thick, built of the loose stones of the mountains, but unlike most walls or sheepcotes, carefully secured with mortar, and of great thickness. A more solitary or melancholy scene than this gray ruin, in the midst of wintry desolation of bleak hill tops, could scarcely be imagined; but hither came the old man, and making his way directly to a bulging thickness in the wall, which had probably been the domestic oven, removed some loose stones of considerable size, but the arrangement of which he seemed perfectly to understand, and drew out thence a strong, coarse canvas bag, which contained money—having deliberately counted this over, and ascertained that one hundred and thirteen sovereigns were safe, he took these one sovereign and a half, which he took carefully placed in his waistcoat pocket, he returned the larger remainder to the bag, secured it with a strong string, and then dropped it into the large pocket of his undercoat, and buttoning over all his old homespun overcoat, returned to the descending steep tracks, and in the gathering twilight hastened back towards the ford.

By the time he reached the river, however, night had gathered over the valley, and in the darkness he groped about anxiously for the stepping stones, but in vain, and no friendly and active guide was at hand. His staff sunk deep in the water as he felt about in the gurgling flood. He shouted again and again, but his feeble cry was lost in the thundering roar of the torrent, which, increasing in strength, now dashed and roared fiercely, churning and rolling about the huge stones which lay beneath their current. Deaf as old Hughes, a portentous, sullen murmur reached even his dull ears. He also knew, from his long life's experience in the valley, the dangerous nature of such a flood. He hastily strained his eyes to catch some straggling light through the darkness, which might cheer him with the knowledge of human aid being at all events

somewhere near on firm land. No light, however, met his view; only leafless trees were seen in grim blackness against the night sky, swayed about wildly in the wind, and the dark mass of mountains shutting in the valley. Despair seized the old man as he now remembered that having misled his grand-daughter and Della Jones in the idea that he was gone to the miller's which was on the other side the water, they would have no uneasiness about him, nor would, therefore, be anxious if he were out for hours, in the idea that he merely remained with a friendly neighbor. Making a desperate effort, he groped about for the stepping stones, and passed with a sudden hope, discovering, as he supposed, the objects of his search. Hastily he placed his feeble feet upon the pieces of rock, and eagerly felt for the second halting place, and his feet the next moment slid from beneath him upon the wet stepping stones. He clutched wildly at the bank, at the rocks, at the brambles; he shouted in last despair, feeling himself borne away by the eddying current. He knew his danger, for few, carried down that wild, impetuous water, churned among rocks, bearing along with it stones of immense weight, and here and there hurried down rugged falls, could escape with life; and seldom a winter passed without some catastrophe of this kind occurring. At first the sudden consciousness of the mortal danger in which he was placed seemed to wake every faculty, and in a wild cry and a desperate struggle for life, his whole being seemed concentrated. Life, life, everything for life! and he thought of Mary, his friends, his money, and with an agony, and as it were, a fury of strength, he seemed to raise himself in the wild tumult of waters, and the next moment, dashed against a rock or crushed between stones, he knew not which, all his power was gone, and, feeble as a child, and feeling himself, as he was, ninety years old, helplessly borne out to a terrible death, a strange peace seemed to wrap his soul, as in downy feathers: his money, his home, his fields, nay, even Mary, no longer occupied his thoughts; he recalled, nay, he seemed to live in the words, "The waters of the sea had well-nigh covered us, the proud waters had well-nigh gone over our soul." \* \* \* Then cried he unto Thee, oh, Lord! and Thou didst deliver us out of our distress." How long this terrible buffeting with death lasted, matters little, for poor old Hughes had no consciousness of time; it might have been only minutes, it might equally have been days and nights.

In the meantime, as the culinary affairs in the Hughes's kitchen came to an end, and the hearth was swept up for the evening, and the old man did not make his appearance, Mary and Della naturally supposing that he had stopped for a friendly gossip with the miller, felt no uneasiness, till, the evening having closed in with every appearance of a wild, dark night following, Della proposed to go and bring him back, still supposing him at the mill.

After Della had been gone some time, Mary began to be uneasy, and now recalled the disquieting and restless manner of the old man during the day. He had muttered so much and so strangely about money as he sat dozing in his chair; he had not seemed right all day, and a thousand fears were conjured by her anxiety, her solitude, the moaning of the wintry wind, and the pitiless roar of the swollen river, as she heard it in the distance hurrying along. No Della made her appearance, and again and again Mary opened her door and looked out, but all was silent—nobody was stirring. She advanced into the street and looked up and down; it was pitch dark. Hugh Owen's shop was closed; the oil lamp in her own shop window was the only glimmer of light that she could discern. She thought she would leave it open, that it might be a guide to the old man as he came down the street; but when, after another half hour, he was still not come, and no tidings of Della, she put up the shutters in very despair, glad to have something to occupy her heart.

It was now past nine, a late hour in that Welsh village and winter season; most people were gone to bed, and Mary was almost out of her mind with anxiety. Something dreadful must have happened, yet she did not dare to leave the house, lest either Della or the old man himself should return in her absence. Her anxiety was beyond her endurance, and following a sudden impulse, she rushed out past Della's cottage, and knocked loudly at Hugh Owen's door, she thought nothing of rival shopkeeping, rival religion, nor anything else, but only that if Hugh Owen had the kind, manly heart that she gave him credit for, he would help her at this time. She knocked, and anxious and impatient as she was, very modestly at first, but there was no answer, she did not think he was gone to bed, because Della, his next neighbor, always informed her that he sat up late, so she knocked louder, still no answer; again and again she knocked, and then, ashamed of knocking longer or louder, rushed back again, to see if anybody was come home. No, still the same silent, expectant hearts.

It was past ten, when Mary, having prayed and read the first chapters of John, and prayed again for help and comfort, the door was suddenly burst open, and in came Della, looking pale and half scared, followed by Hugh Owen and two other men, bringing in what Mary naturally supposed was the dead body of her grandfather.

But this sorrow was spared her. The old man was not dead.

According to his own account, given feebly but very distinctly the following day, no sooner had that strange, heavenly peace taken possession of his soul, and he knew himself, through the Divine strength able and willing to give up life and all, than a deliverer was at hand. He had been carried down about a mile below his own house, and was approaching the one-arched stone bridge, the foundation of which was laid in immense masses of the native rock, and where the encumbered torrent swept on still more furiously, and probably where his destruction would have been inevitable, had not a human arm with almost superhuman strength and courage, been put forth to snatch him from the jaws of death. He felt that he was saved, and the next moment all consciousness again left him. The strong man, who was Hugh Owen, could give no other account of the whole affair than that as the evening closed in, and he had made up the letter-bag and dispatched it, a strong persuasion took possession of his mind, that he must shut up his shop and walk up the valley, along the river-side, and he did it accordingly, even though the evening was anything but inviting for the walk; and hearing, as it seemed to him, a fearful cry of some kind among the waters, he had rushed forward, following the course of the river, until reaching the bridge, either a sudden break in the clouds, a flash of lightning, or what else he could not say, all at once he saw a human figure going down, and with one plunge forward, his foot firmly rooted on a piece of rock, he snatched at it, with a force and strength which till then he could not have believed any mere human arm possessed, and lifted the old man from the roaring tumult of waters.

Not far from the bridge stood a cottage. Thither he was taken, and there blankets and all necessities were supplied. Della, in the meantime, after hastening to the mill and gaining no tidings, met with the very boy who had helped old Hughes that night across the ford. This was a clue to her; he had gone up to the mountains, she doubted not, and on his return had perhaps fallen into some quarry, or might, she supposed, have met with the very disaster which had occurred. Like Hugh Owen, therefore, she pursued the course of the stream, and calling at the cottage almost immediately after the recovery, was there ready to afford every possible assistance. Now, therefore, as life was evidently in the old man, it was thought best to carry him home, and, wrapped in blankets and laid in a cart, he was driven to his own door, and carried in, as Mary feared, a corpse.

The next day a solemn thanksgiving was introduced at the close of the sermon, preached by the Rev. Lloyd Griffiths, in the large Methodist chapel at Carnedd, for the miraculous preservation from death experienced by Brother Hughes the night before; and many were the visitors whom Mary received, but no great dinner was eaten in the cottage that day, the Rev. preachers being satisfied to take that meal in a very quiet and subdued manner; for as yet the old man hovered between life and death. On New Year's Day, however, he was so much better as to request an especial visit from his favorite Bethesda minister, and a dinner was prepared, but on a less extensive scale than on the former occasion. And here it must be remarked that so great in the meantime had been the intercourse between the two shops, that no longer any rivalry seemed to exist, further than which should be the best neighbor to the other. Hugh Owen, therefore, was invited to the New Year's Day dinner, which, as New Year's Day happened to fall on a Sunday, he was happily able to accept.

Very grave and thoughtful, as one rescued from death, had old Hughes remained, and even something beyond that appeared to weigh upon him. The canvas bag containing the money which was found in his pocket to the astonishment of all, had been carefully locked up with his Sunday gaiters and the choice apples in the commode; and when, after some days, Mary mentioned the circumstance, he seemed at first to have forgotten it, the taste, as it were, of death having for the time obliterated all lesser things; then recalling it, he spoke hastily, bidding the Rev. John Evans to be especially invited on a matter as of life and death. Accordingly he came, and preached the New Year's sermon, and singularly enough Hugh Owen that day went to chapel. He a churchman! and walking back with the preacher, both came together to dinner, the Rev. John Evans having, in the first place, smoked a pipe with Hugh, and conceived a very favorable idea of his religious character and his tobacco.

The dinner over, old Hughes, whose bed had been set up in the kitchen, ordered his grand-daughter to bring forth the remarkable bag.—This done, he related, at great length and with much detail, what I must simply tell as briefly as possible.

About sixty-five years before, he and another man then living in Carnedd, had been good friends. Neither never trusted brother more truly than David Williams trusted him, Owen Hughes. Hughes, however, in an evil hour was tempted, and made use of money for his own purposes, which had been entrusted to him by his friend. His friend fell into difficulties; the money would have saved him; but Hughes could not then refund it. Williams would not prosecute his false friend, and begging of him as an honest man, and as the only means of repairing a great injury, to repay him the money at some future time, left his native land, and emigrated to America. The money had never been repaid; for although the sum had been long made up, Williams was dead, and all means of tracing his descendants were lost; and not only was it made up, but



every year the proper amount of interest was added to it, until this year it amounted to one hundred and eleven pounds ten shillings. This was a great secret on Hughes's part; he had kept the money in his hiding place in the mountain for fifteen years, and there it remained, growing year by year. This Christmas, however, with a sort of presentiment that he should not live long, he had resolved to consider the circumstance to his reverend friend, and for that purpose fetched the money down from the hills; deducting from the accumulated sum, thirty shillings which exceeded the required amount, and which in his calculation, he thought might be needful for postage and other expenses in finding out the descendants of the late David Williams, of New Canaan, New Hampshire, United States.

Such was his narrative, and strange as it seemed, no less strange appeared the conduct of Hugh Owen, who was present at his relation. He wept; he was greatly agitated; and no sooner was it ended than he rose without a word, and left the house. Shortly after, however, he returned with a large old Welsh Bible in his hand; and opening it at the fly leaf before the New Testament, and slapping down his large hand upon it, he nodded, first to the old man in his bed, and then to the Rev. John Evans, without a word; and sat down again. Whereupon the Rev. John Evans read to the unexpressed astonishment of all, a family register of births, marriages, and deaths of two generations, beginning with David Williams, of Canaan, Cambridgeshire, son of William Davies, and ending with his death at New Canaan, Ohio, whether he had removed after only two years residence in New Hampshire, and by which it was evident that the new transatlantic Canaan must have been a very unhealthy place, for all were dead of two generations, saving Hugh Owen, the son of Williams's second daughter Jane; this same Hugh Owen, having, from some unaccountable yearning in his heart, returned to the old country of which he knew nothing, five years before; and with the product of the sale of New Canaan, opened the little shop in Old Canaan, and thus became the rival of Owen Hughes.

"It is a true proverb," exclaimed Della, who, of course, was now more frequently than ever at little Mary's, and who was present at this strange discovery, "it is a true proverb, that marriages are made in heaven!"

Her exclamation must certainly have been very much to the point, for Mary and Hugh Owen immediately looked at each other; and strange to say, so did the Rev. John Evans and Della Jones; and as sure as what I am telling is the truth, these two couples were married in the spring; and the Methodist connection received two good, staunch new members.

Della is now mistress of a very good shop at Bethesda, setting her husband quite at liberty to attend to his ministerial duties, for she is all sufficient for any business, and no letters are so well and carefully stamped as those which leave Bethesda, except it be those of Carmel, which are entirely under the care of little Mary, whose sole business now is that of post-mistress of Carmel, the good Hugh Owen taking upon himself all other concerns.

One other word, and I have done. Della's pony still lives, and long may he live! for he is especially the preacher's pony.—Della dedicated him to the service when she married John Evans; and now, whoever preaches within a circuit of fifteen miles round Bethesda, no longer walks. He is in beautiful condition, for the service seems to suit him.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

All the contents of THE POST are set up expressly for it, and it is not a mere reprint of a Daily Paper.

### TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is \$5 a year in advance, sent by carriers or sent a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to pay the United States postage.

THE POST is bound to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the serious and the frivolous; and all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST are generally sold at the office, or by any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined.—"Ship Ahoy," "To Florence," "The Red Wine," "The Past and Future," "To A," "Imagines," "The Soldier's Music," "Nemona," "Love's Labor Won."

C. B. Washington, Received.—We know of no book or paper that contains the poem—unless it is in Mr. Dana's recent compilation.

A CONSTANT READER. The Androidea were confessedly triumphs of mechanical ingenuity. We think their inventor never made a higher claim for them. We do not know where a good account of them may be found, the work in which we once read of them being now out of print.

The "Daily Press," of this city, in speaking of, or rather to, a contemporary, says:—

Remove all these articles, and still there is a great deal—we might say, if it were grammatical, a very great deal—of good, honest, original matter in your paper.

Why is it not grammatical to say "a very great deal"? Mr. "Press" "Deal." In this connection, means simply part or portion, and why not say a very great portion, as well as a great portion?

### TO CHANGE READERS.

For the information of change readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., Mary Howitt, author of "Ruthless," "Grace Greenwood," "Old Dominion," &c. Florence Percy, T. S. Arthur, Martha Russell, Emma Alice Browne, author of "My Last from Paris," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCK, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Tale of Two Cities," the AUTHOR of "The Red Rover," &c., &c., &c., giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, who write expressly for our columns, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novel the sum of

\$1,500.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

THREE STORIES BY MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELLET BY T. S. ARTHUR, Esq., "CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series, by

POEMS FROM FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS FROM EMMA ALICE BROWNE, Esq., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

### A FOOLISH PRACTICE.

The "Boston Transcript" gives a word of advice to certain persons who have acquired a habit of scribbling their sage opinions of authors and sentiments upon the title-pages and margins of books belonging to their friends or to public libraries. As this practice is not confined, by any manner of means, to Boston, a word of advice to the same scribbling fraternity in this city, may not be wasted. We may say, therefore, that to scribble your opinion of an author or a passage in any book save one belonging to you, is a piece of gross impudence. No man or company of men regard such scribbles with the least degree of admiration or favor. And as no sensible person is ever caught at such tricks in other people's volumes, those who are guilty of them generally succeed in nothing further than writing themselves down as donkeys.

Of the scribbles in the books belonging to the public libraries of Boston, the Transcript gives the following specimens:—

In a volume of Carlyle's Essays from the Mercantile Library, now before us, one critic pronounces it "bumbug," and another says, "too hard work to read this book." While the pages of the same volume are enriched by a long marginal disquisition upon the German mind—the style being modelled upon that of Carlyle, but exhibiting "the contortions of the style, without her inspiration." We remember to have seen a volume of Macaulay's Essays, with the gratifying mark appended, of "pretty fair"—a commendation which would, perhaps, be encouraging to the lazar, as coming from an American source. Washington Irving is endorsed on the fly-leaf as "Up-top!" and Dickens as "first rate."

The comments pencilled in books from the Athenaeum and Public Libraries are generally of a different character. The anonymous critic signs their approval or dislike of the text in copious marginal notes, or by means of cabalistic characters supposed to express various degrees of assent or disagreement. Sometimes a passage of poetry will have "How beautiful!" written in a feminine hand in the margin, or a proposition will be flanked by "True," or "Right," or "Doubtful." A favorite mode of expression is by means of underlining or of peculiar marks against such passages as strike the reader as being particularly true, brilliant or startling. This practice, in particular, seems to be increasing to a deplorable extent.

As to one's own books, of course the practice of scribbling may be carried to any extent. But even in this case, we would counsel sensible men and women to observe a degree of caution. As the taste and judgment ripen, the verdicts upon passages and authors often change greatly. And for this reason, the man of forty may feel his face flush at looking over a book containing in pompous marginal notes the taste and judgment of twenty years before. He may even be disposed sometimes to cry out, "Could I ever have been such a fool?" And the thought that his silly marginal notes will appear against him so long as said volume remains in a readable condition, almost tempts him sometimes to try the purifying and effacing effects of fire—that good genius who wipes away the ugly traces of so much bad genius. Therefore, if you are under forty, beware how you deface your books—and if you be over forty, you ought to have sense enough by that time not to deface them at all.

A SPECTACULAR DIVORCE.—The Hon. H. L. Klie, of Hartford, makes a singular diversion of his property of about \$500,000—dividing about one-eighth of it, \$60,000, between his son, the heirs of another son, his daughter, and his wife; and devising the rest, or \$700,000, to Yale College. A "philanthropic" old gentleman, doubtless—and his praise perhaps will be in all the papers. But as we cannot understand the reason or justice of such a will, the Post will leave the task of eulogy to that lucky corporation, Yale College.

Much to our surprise, we have not yet seen the first joke in the newspapers relative to the British Government's sending *Zou* to represent the British Hon at Washington.

### THE GREAT CITIES.

The wealth of the two great cities, Boston and New York, amounts to eight hundred millions of dollars. New York having \$525,000,000; Boston, \$275,000,000, or a little more than one-half that of New York. The property of Boston is one hundred millions more than that of the city of Philadelphia, and nearly three times that of Baltimore. It is said that Boston has more property, per capita, than any other city in the world.

As the above is going the rounds of the press, we may simply observe that, so far as Philadelphia is alluded to, it is incorrect. The error consists in the fact, frequently mentioned heretofore in this and other Philadelphia papers, that real estate is systematically assessed in this city far below its real value, while personal property, in probably three cases out of four, is not assessed at all. We know properties in this city, at the present time, which could be sold at public sale for three times their assessed value—while scarcely a property is assessed at a greater rate than two-thirds of its value. In New York and Boston—and especially in the latter city, if we are rightly informed—real estate is rated at about its real value, and personal property is very generally assessed. Any comparison of the wealth of the three cities which does not take their mode and thoroughness of assessment into consideration, is therefore utterly unreliable.

A TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN PROVERBS.—The more report that an Irish-American regiment—or company, which is it?—was about to visit Ireland, seems to have struck the English governors of that "graceless land of the sky" with unwelcome consternation. Arrests of "secret conspirators" and other dangerous characters are being made; and we should not be surprised if, by this time, a man had been stationed on the top of the highest tree in Galway, to report the first appearance of any "long, low, rakish-looking scoundrel," which may be supposed to contain the reliable filibuster. We impute this alarm almost entirely to the standing portrait of an American citizen, as given by the *London Punch*—a ferocious-looking being, with an unnumbered quantity of revolvers and bowie knives stuck in his belt. An apprehended invader of a company—much more a regiment—of such desperate-looking creatures, is enough to startle our English consuls from their accustomed equanimity. They will be even more startled when they learn that the motto of the filibusters in question, is said to be the following venerable but ferocious rhyme, done into native Irish, which, as it may be imagined, does not improve its sound:—

"Fee, faw, fa, fum!  
I smell the blood of an Englishman!  
Dead or alive I will have some!"

It is supposed that one object of the appointment of a new English Minister to this country, is to prevent, if possible, the sailing of this much feared expedition—or, at least, to induce its leaders to alter their motto.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON.—It appears that the Society for the erection of this monument was organized in 1839—that the Corner Stone was laid in 1848—and that after seven years, by 1855, 170 feet were erected, at a cost of about \$250,000. How much higher it has grown in the three years since, we know not—but we believe very little. According to the plan, the shaft is to be 517 feet high, which will cost some \$322,000 more. The pantheon, at the base, is estimated to cost about \$180,000 in addition—making \$500,000 which is required to complete the monument according to the original design.

It would appear therefore that, in twenty-five years, one-third of the money has been raised, and almost one-third of the monument erected. At the same rate of progression, it would take fifty to seventy-five years more to complete it. But the original stock of "patriotism" having been exhausted, nothing at all is now doing in the "patriotic" line, in that direction. And, as a consequence, the probability is that the monument will never be finished, and that, some five hundred years hence, it will be looked upon by learned antiquarians, as even a finer relic of the ancient visits of the Norsemen to this country, than the old stone mill at Newport.

A STERN SACRIFICE TO A SENSE OF DUTY.—The "serious minded" publishers of the *Journal of Civilization*, in giving a portrait of "Kuma Livry, the new danseuse," in the usual fig-leaf attire of her profession, say:—

Though the ballet is an institution with which serious-minded persons should have little to do, it is possible, though few and things grow out of it, or are connected with it in any way, it is not allowable for a newspaper to ignore its celebrity; and we therefore make room for the portrait of a dancer who seems destined to fill the place occupied by Cerito, Tagliani, and Fanny Lisler.

What sacrifices certain "serious minded" editors in this country, are continually compelled to make by a sense of their duty as journalists. The sacrifice above referred to, is only equalled by that of the *Tribune* in recording, in six columns, all the minutiae of a recent disgraceful prize-fight. It pains these "serious minded persons" doubtless to the very core—but then they cannot allow a few twinges of conscience, more or less, to interfere with their duty to the public, and the sales of their papers.

CAPITAL AND METROPOLIS.—MAYOR TIERNAN, of New York, in a recent address to Hon. Jas. L. Orr, of S. C., said:—

"I am glad to be the happy medium of the Common Council in offering to you the hospitality of the city of New York, which is not only the capital of the State, but the metropolis of the whole Union."

The Mayor of New York city ought to know—but we had thought that Albany was the capital of the State of New York. New York city is the metropolis of the State of New York, being the largest and most important city—as Philadelphia is the metropolis of Pennsylvania, and Cincinnati the metropolis of Ohio.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CASE.—The attention of our country readers is called to the Report on the Chinese Sugar Case, recently made to the Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of Agriculture. The Society does not seem to concur with Mr. Geesen in his unfavorable opinions of the cane.

### COMPLIMENTARY.

Perhaps it will do no harm to call a few passages from recent letters, respecting THE POST. Thus "our old friend and well-wisher," Mr. A. N. S., of Marietta, Georgia, says:—

"I advocate and take your paper because of its chaste and unexceptionable language—its entertaining pieces and reliable news—and more particularly, because I can let my children read it, without the slightest doubt that there is an article or a word in its columns to contaminate or corrupt their morals. There are publications about in the country called 'family papers,' which are said to enter the sacred precincts of any household, because of their pernicious influence. But so long as the Post comes robed in the garb of innocence and purity, it is welcome to our firesides, to give them cheer, and make our leisure moments pleasant and happy."

Mr. W. K. D., of Hamilton, Ohio, who sends us a club of twenty, "thinks he can add a few more," and writes:—

"I consider your paper as the best family journal printed in the United States, so wish you all success."

Mr. J. R. W., of Pittsburg, Iowa, says:—

"In view of my own comfort and enjoyment, and my duty to my family, I have concluded not to cease taking the Post so long as I have bread to feed my children."

Dr. S. S. F., of Broadway, New York City, says:—

"My opinion of the Post is, that if all the weeklies of Boston and New York were offered me at two dollars a year, and the Post at two dollars a year, I would unhesitatingly take the Post in preference to them all."

[In answer to a question of Dr. F.'s relative to a certain deceased weekly, we may say that we think the cause he refers to was the true cause of its death.]

Mr. S. H. J., of Phillipsburg, Ohio, says:—

"My family would rather miss their turkey during holidays, than miss one number of the Post. I would rather a daughter of mine should read the Post from eight years old till eighteen, than to be a graduate at the best boarding-school in the land."

Mr. W. G. R., of Chestnut Grove, Ky., says:—

"I think yours is the best paper I ever saw. I also think that the letters from Paris are worth the two dollars. Religion is also worth two dollars. Glances at My Present Crisis are also worth two dollars—no you see, sir, what a bargain I have of you."

Mr. O. H. S., of Kewanee, Ill., says:—

"The hard times pinch and contract the pocket, but as long as the venerable *Evening Post* occupies a prominent place in a family, the intellect must expand, despite the pocket."

But "enough is as good as a feast," the proverb says—and we think that the above will satisfy those of our readers who think most highly of THE POST, that they are not alone in their good opinion.

The editor of the Lockport (N. Y.) Journal has been informed by the inventor, that paper made from bass wood is a decided success, and that the delay in its manufacture is only caused by difficulties among parties in some way interested.

Bass paper—bass paper!—that seems to us just the thing for certain journals we know of, to be printed on.

## New Publications.

THE LECTURES AND ADDRESSES OF THE LATE REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M. A., (TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.) are even more admirable than the admirable sermons by which this noble English minister is known to the public. Those who have read in a former volume of his works the brief memoir of this great-hearted and clear-minded man, will remember the touching tribute to his worth paid by the working-men of the English town of Brighton, who, when he died, followed his hearse to the grave in vast numbers, marching through streets whose shops and dwellings their fellow-townsmen had closed and draped in mourning. It was before an institute of the same working-men who gave to his memory this offering of love and sorrow—one of the greatest ever bestowed upon a not purely public man—that these lectures were delivered. They show everywhere the high literary excellence, the fine mentality and the noble character which are graven in lines of grace and glow in colors of beauty in the sermons. A generous indignation at cant and intolerance, a cordial and genuine democracy, and a frank recognition of the tendencies and spirit of the age, dignity and comeliness these productions; while in several of them—such as the lectures on Wordsworth and on the Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes—there is displayed a literary criticism as fine and appreciative as it is discriminating and judicious, and a rare power of making the writer's own thought bright and clear to the most ordinary reader, without in the least degree diminishing or vulgarizing it. With all this, a certain princely integrity—a high soldier-spirit of gallantry and generosity—breathes through the thought like an undertone of martial music, pierced at times by some exulting trumpet note, which sends a proud thrill through the veins, and quickens the pulses. The reader will not often find a volume from which he can get more good than this.

ANNE OF GREENGATE, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, (TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.) one of the best of the Waverley novels, has made its appearance in the exquisite household edition we have so often praised. We remember from boyhood the adventure of the doughty Englishman, Philipson, let down in his bed at midnight through the trap door to be confronted with the terrible tribunal of the Holy Volume—and recurring to these pages we found the romantic incident had its old charm for us, unabated, and nowhere had the work lost its absorbing interest and beauty. As we found so will our readers find. Not often in these days do we come upon stories so real as Sir Walter's.

DORA DRANE, OR THE EAST INDIA UNCLE; and MAGGIE MILLER, OR OLD HAGAN'S SECRET. By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES. C. M. SAXTON, New York.

POPE OR PRESIDENT, OR ROMANISM AS REVEALED BY ITS OWN WRITERS. R. L. BELLISER, New York.

THE BOOK OF CHIVALRY, by THOMAS RUTLAND, (Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.) gives the splendid legends of King Arthur and his knights, which have furnished themes for romantic poetry to Ariosto, Spenser, Scott, Tennyson, Lowell, and many other poets. Better read them in this volume, if entertainment be the object, than wade through the wearisome chronicles compiled by Sir Thomas Malory. Some of the Welsh legends are included in this book, which is blazoned with gaily colored engravings—rarely done, but suggestive.

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CRINOLINE. Behold you splendid and resplendent round of whitebone, covering ten square feet of ground; As down the street the dry goods phantom swims. (As some gay gallion o'er the billows swims.) How grandly on her sweeping course she goes. Turning aside for neither friends nor foes? Who would not brave the deepest mud on earth, To give those hoops the widest kind of berth?

A young physician, a recent graduate, was asked why he had not gone to see his father, who had just died. The father lived in Indiana, the son in Virginia. He replied that "the immense torridity of the circumambient atmosphere had, by its condensation, so diluted the placid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Ohio, that, with the most superlative reluctance, I had to prostrate a premeditated egress into the palatinate province, until the morbid excitement of the pericranium had extinguished the vital spark."

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### THE BOOKS OF MRS. KEMBLE, (TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.)

after we know not how many years, are again published in a volume which also includes about ninety pages of new poetry. Between the earlier and later compositions there is not so much difference as one might expect. There is very nearly an equality of excellence, and the defects of one period seem as obvious in the other. The volume is in a great measure autobiographical, and here and there, we think, lacks reticence. At least, the veils which poets usually hang over the images of personal experience they give to the world, are thinner and more transparent here than ordinarily. We suppose that many persons already know the great power and beauty of Mrs. Kemble's poetry. There are poems here which no thoughtful person can read without pain—poems which show the struggle and convulsion of a strong spirit, blind, undisciplined, unillumined, engaged in frantic and unavailing war with its destinies—poems swept by tornadoes of tempestuous and passionate feeling, or opening to the mind black, limitless wastes of misery and despair. But there are also poems which image the beauty and majesty of nature as a summer lake mirrors a rich landscape, and songs of joy and hope and love as manifold and sweet in melody and delicate fancy as the songs of Ariel sailing above the enchanted Isle. Here, too, are strains with the true, jubilant, deep Elizabethan ring—"lofty, insolent and passionate" as if flung forth from the high heart of Raleigh—and sonnets fit to bind up with Sidney's for immortality. The lines on "Morning by the Seaside" are Shakespearean in their rich antique imagery, their robust delight in nature, and the strength and freedom of their exultant flow. And see how simply and justly the poet can estimate the master:

TO SHAKESPEARE.  
If from the height of that celestial sphere  
Where now thou dwellest, spirit powerful and sweet  
Thou yet canst leave the race that sojourn here,  
How must thou joy with pleasure not unmet  
For thy exalted state, to know how dear  
Thy memory is held throughout the earth  
Beyond the favored land that gave thee birth.  
Even in thy seat in Heaven, thou may'st receive  
Thanks, praise, and love, and wonder ever new,  
From human hearts who in thy verse perceive  
All that humanity calls good and true:  
Nor dost thou fear each mortal blemish grieve,  
They from thy glorious works have fallen away,  
As from thy soul its outward form of clay.

There are other lines to Shakespeare in the same lofty key. Had we room we might quote the exquisite "Noonday by the Seaside"—wonderfully descriptive, and tinged with a feeling more beautiful than the scenery it describes. A sonnet "On Hearing a Symphony of Beethoven" is wonderfully grand, and we greatly admire some of the vigorous and majestic lines on Rome. But to specify the admirable poems would be a work of some extent, and we pause here, leaving the reader to seek them out for himself.

WILLIE WINKIE'S NURSERY SONGS OF SCOTLAND, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) were written some years ago by Ballantyne, William Ferguson, and others, for the children of Scotland. We have them now, adapted for American children by Mrs. Silsbee, in one of the prettiest books imaginable—red covers, red edges, cream tinted paper, black antique type, and ornamental margins to the pages. The songs are genuine nursery jingles, such as children love to chant singly or in chorus, and such as mothers love to sing or say to children. Unlike the rhymes of dear old wicked Mother Goose, these, with enough eccentricity to make them catch the fancy, are yet full of goodness and beauty.

WILD STORIES IN THE FAR WEST, by FREDERICK GERSTAECKER, (Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.) is a book sportsmen will enjoy, and, indeed, plenty of people who are not sportsmen. The author, a German, was for years a farmer and hunter in the backwoods, and chased, and was chased by, the bears, the panthers, the wolves, and the alligators of our free and happy country. His adventurous story is very graphically and spiritedly told, and the whole book gives a very vivid idea of rough life in the wild Western settlements.

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Lawyer W., while entering his cold bed in a cold winter night, exclaimed, "O! all ways of getting a living, the worst a man could follow, would be going about town in such nights as this, and getting into bed for folks."

### NEWS ITEMS.

Hon. S. A. Douglas has been re-elected U. S. Senator from Illinois. Douglas 46, Lincoln 46. Dr. Bux, of Danzig, has just made a curious discovery. He has found an antidote, or rather a counter-poison for ardent spirits. It is a mineral paste, which he encloses in an olive, and which at once absorbed, destroys not only the rising effect, but likewise the disastrous consequences of drunkenness. He tried several experiments upon a Pole, an irreclaimable drunkard. The individual, named Ralov, swallowed three bottles of brandy in succession, and after each bottle ate an olive prepared by the doctor. He experienced neither the effect of drunkenness nor the slightest sickness.

M. RALOV, a Hungarian, asserts that he has managed to square the circle, and he has just sent copies of his work on the subject, which contains numerous diagrams, to the Academy of Science in Vienna and Paris, and to the heads of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

In the window of the library, No. 212, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, there has lately been exhibited an engraved portrait of Mr. Charles Dickens, with a beard of iron wire, sitting at a desk in a thoughtful position, and writing. The police entered the shop the other day and told the proprietor in very angry terms to take the engraving out of the window. They mistook Mr. Dickens's portrait for a caricature of the Emperor.

The death of the only son of Mr. Hope Scott, Q. C., is announced. This interesting child was the only living male descendant of his illustrious great grandfather, Sir Walter Scott, whose name he bore. He was only a year and a half old, and has survived his mother, the poet's grand-daughter, little more than six weeks. An infant who died a fortnight ago. Only one little girl remains to bear the great name of which she is the sole surviving representative.

It is stated that Spain is about sending a proposal to this country, to buy Key West of us. We suppose it is "a Roland for an Oliver."

The London Times correspondent says:—"The nobles of Russia are by no means inclined to emancipate their serfs without receiving full indemnification, and they do not attempt to conceal from the Imperial authorities their disinclination to obey the instruction which they received from his Majesty."

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Jan. 4.—Judge Waldo this evening granted a divorce to Mary A. Bennett for a divorce from Dr. George Bennett, and assigned to her custody the children, three in number, with the sum of \$4,000 alimony, to be paid within sixty days. The Judge was very severe upon Dr. Bennett and some of his witnesses.

Chemist or Lawyer.—A chemist has been experimenting with the photometer. He has ascertained the cost of a given quantity of light. He finds common gas, unlighted, to be the cheapest; common gas, in its simple state, costs one-third more, when sold at \$3.50 per 1,000 feet. Kerosene oil costs 26 per







## LAURA.

For moon's that witnessed my delight,  
As Laura's little hand in mine—  
We walked the cloudless summer night,  
Beneath the purple-tinged vine,  
Saw stars o'er the moon's silver face  
With the mild splendor of thy wing.  
Or known a form of gentler grace  
Than hers of whom I fondly sing?

To stars! that in her happy eyes  
Looked down and saw your love more bright,  
Spoke! have you ever from the skies  
Beheld a being half so light?

Was I more lovely, when, new born,  
The first thing in Paradise,  
The world's first lover woke at morn,  
She flashed on his astonished eyes?

To trees, whose branches o'er my head,  
Waved pendulous that blessed eve,  
And heard the loving voice he said,  
Do love birds ever strain a feather?

Or do the tales the soft winds bring,  
Which make thy whispering leaves rejoice,  
Or silver streamlets murmuring,  
In melody surpass her voice?

Oh, no! that blazed our feet that night,  
Did heavenly Venus fairer roam,  
When like the Iris clothed in light,  
She leaped to life, amid thy form?

Or when thy waves bore from the land  
Egypt's dark Queen—had she more charms?  
Or Hero, when upon the strand  
She clasped Leander in her arms?

Winds! that bore from the garden's bloom,  
Like spirits of the loved in death,  
The soul of flowers—a sweet perfume—  
Say, was it sweeter than her breath?

And when you kissed her blushing cheek,  
And nestled in her bosom hair,  
And sinuous, stirred her bosom neck,  
Did ye not seek a warm death there?

They all are silent—moon and stars,  
And trees, and ever-rolling seas,  
And winds that, yielded to fairy cars,  
Bear endless flights of melody—  
They speak not; yet, oh, loving heart!  
What needs it what the answer be?  
Though the whole world deny each part,  
Is not more than all to thee?

## BROTHER AND SISTER.

The Hothams were left orphans—the brother at twenty-two, the sister at twenty-one years of age—but their desolation was by no means extreme; it was tempered to them, as the Rev. Appleby Swete observed, by a considerable sum of money in the Three per Cents. Besides, the girl found in Cecil Hotham at once a parent and a brother; more devoted to her happiness than a lover; for his devotion exceeded that of a wooing time; it lasted for life.

Even if one had been related to her, it would have been quite possible to have become exceedingly fond of Nina Hotham; as Mr. Swete, the curate of Brentfield, where she lived, proved. Swete was not a strong minded young person, but he was very honest and well meaning, and the living would be his own as soon as the then rector (who was eighty-two) should be removed from what was denominated, more technically than literally, his present sphere of usefulness. The old gentleman had indeed been put in at twenty-four by Mr. Swete's father, the patron, as a warning-pan for his son, and he had already taken five years longer to keep the place warm than was expected of him. Still, it was plain that he could not persist in such annoying conduct much longer, and Mr. Appleby Swete's expectations were—since the living was a good one—proportionally excellent. Nina liked him well enough, not passionately, and her brother Cecil, seeing that, was, in consequence, his warm friend and supporter; for, if her opinion of the young divine had been unfavorable, he would have been his determined and uncompromising foe.

It is probable that Nina—she was fair, tall, and blue-eyed, with a carriage like that of a princess, and a will of her own to match—would have become Mrs. Swete, and lived and died the wife of a country rector, had it not been for a circumstance no less trifling than that of an acting charade.

It was winter; and, at the hall where the old squire, who was king at Brentfield, lived, a large party had assembled, among whom were the Hothams. Private theatricals were a novelty in that part of the country, and such acting even as the guests attempted—which partook more of the nature of tableaux vivants than anything else—aroused immense enthusiasm in the locality, and attracted more spectators than the double drawing-room could easily hold. Nina Hotham, magnificently attired, and imitating the silence as well as the attitude of some sublime statue, made a profound impression. Accustomed from her youth to a country life, and knowing nothing of the world in these volumes of the mural, miscellany of the imagination, the poor girl became intoxicated with this partial and unreasonable applause. In it, her fancy caught the herald notes of a burst of triumphant acclaim, which was to sweep perhaps, one day, through the length and breadth of England; of Europe; of the world. The calling of the actress, she had often thought, was a something little less than divine, and now she had the exquisite pleasure of persuading herself, and of being persuaded, that that high privilege was her own by natural right. Vain, indulged, and accustomed to no other influence than that of her own impulses, this young gentleman—brought up in affluence, and imbued with the usual social prejudices—nevertheless found herself stage-struck.

The Reverend Appleby Swete had not hailed very eagerly the appearance of his intended as Rowena, the Saxon Princess, in a charade; but when he discovered that, in consequence of the success of that Mystery, it had been determined that the last scene of the play of Othello was to be represented, the part of Desdemona by Miss Nina Hotham, the young curate looked almost as black as the Moor himself.

"I do trust, Nina," he urged, with suppressed feeling, "that you will think again of this."

"I mean to do so," replied the girl, who was annoyed that the only eyes which had not

beamed admiration, the only hands which had not spoken approval, on the evening of her recent triumph, were those of Mr. Appleby Swete; "the part requires considerable thought, sir."

"Nina," he said, earnestly, "do not answer me thus. You and I, as I hope and trust with all my heart, are, at no very distant period, to be one, as man and wife. Our interests, our sympathies, our actions, are to be similar and united. If I suffered you to take this highly imprudent and unbecoming step (I cannot apply a term less strong to your acting in such a scene with such a man as Colonel Chowler) without reproach, you might, in after life, reasonably reproach me for an unwarranted harshness; since, as your husband, I should not surely—"

"Silence, sir," interrupted the embryo tragedienne, imperiously, "you are going too fast. I thank you for the warning you have given me of what I am to expect as your wife. You have not a good temper. 'This bloody passion'—that's what I have to say to the Colonel—'shakes your very frame. These are portents. Have mercy upon me. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-day.' Most reverend signor, you are very terrible!"

"If you do act that scene," cried the curate solemnly, and certainly in a rage, "you and I, Miss Hotham, never speak of love again."

That five minutes of irritating conversation probably altered the whole tenor of a couple of human lives. The lady persevered in her determination to play Desdemona, and the young clergyman, upon his part, kept his word.

If the charade was a success, the play was a tremendous hit indeed. The gallant colonel handled the sofa cushion as if he had, all his life, done nothing else but smother people with that implement; and, as for Desdemona, she, according to universal testimony, was well nigh faultless; her skin looked whiter than snow, and smoother than the monumental alabaster; while her tones—except upon one occasion when she got the tassel of the cushion into her mouth—were Desdemona's own.

When she desired to be commended to her kind lord, and died forgiving him so sweetly, with an "Oh, farewell," upon her closing lips, there was not one dry eye in the double drawing-room.

This second triumph put an end to what few prudent reflections yet remained to Nina with regard to her becoming an actress. Her admiring brother protested, from the bottom of his heart, that she was the most perfect Desdemona that ever played, and that she would make her fortune in a fortnight, if she were only to go upon the stage.

"I am glad to hear you say so much, my dearest Cecil," was the girl's delighted answer. "I feel the power within me. It has been slumbering long indeed; but now is all the stronger for its rest. I have made up my mind, dear brother, to become an actress—to immortalize myself—aye," she added, in her deepest notes, "but not until after a little pause, and you, also, Cecil."

Cecil Hotham shuddered. He had the most unbounded faith in his sister's powers; but all his instincts rallied round his preconceived opinions of the stage, in arms against this scheme. He knew his sister well enough to feel that it was something more than an idea of the moment engendered by excitement and success; and he knew himself too well not to doubt his own ability to persuade her to abandon the resolve.

"Remember, Nina, whom you shipwreck by this course," he urged, "poor Swete now dreams that you are his—"

"Not now," she cried, "we are not to speak of love again. He has told me that I shall not act on the stage. SHALL NOT? I am glad to think that I have escaped the man—But he shall hear of me, as all the world shall hear; and you, my Cecil, brother—now that all familiar faces will be set against me—you alone I look to now for help."

They two had many more conversations of this nature. There was endless talk and oceans of advice, and almost universal censure poured upon them from all sides, as well. But the end was, that Nina had her way.

Their comfortable Brentfield home was left; and, since it was of course absolutely necessary that a tragic star of such a magnitude should make its first appearance in the metropolitan firmament, the Hothams removed to London.

Nina went through a course of training in elocution and deportment, with a patience hardly to have been expected of her; and, in six months' time, was pronounced by her theatrical Coach (a gentleman at the very top of his profession) as perfect as art could make her—which indeed was true.

While she continued to occupy herself in the study of various characters—each of which, however, was the most ambitious in its particular piece—Cecil sat every week within his reach, in motion, to provide her with a suitable engagement. With money and friends in plenty, her position was of course a far more favorable one than that of many a more gifted debutante. Still she did not find the thing she sought—More than one manager of this and that great house had interviews with the young lady at her private residence, without the expected offer of the position of first tragedienne being made. They saw her, and were charmed. Her face, her figure, her carriage, her action even, delighted them; but the words themselves were often wanting, and the sense of them had been out of the power of the theatrical Coach (who, perhaps, did not know it himself) to convey.

Nina grew sad and heart-sick at the lack of generous enthusiasm in these personages; when she had pictured to herself all eager to secure her for their own. Cecil was indignant beyond measure at their ignorance and want of taste.

"These persons who have the leading theatres," said he, kissing away her tears, "are given up to particular styles; to mechanical and stereotyped characters; to women more like lay figures than actresses. They know absolutely nothing of genius. They do not understand the language of Nature, even when they hear it spoken by one so noble as yourself. It is the people only who have the power to put you upon your rightful throne."

You shall appear at some minor house under an assumed name; and afterwards, when your success is proclaimed by the public voice, these mistrustful men will be ready enough to open their doors to my own Nina."

Accordingly, it was not long before a lesser monarch of the stage paid a business visit to the discouraged young lady; approved her speech as well as her action, her delineation of passion, and her majestic method of crossing the room. Finally, in offering her the leading part at his theatre, during the ensuing month, he promised to respect the secret of her name until an enthusiastic public would be denied the revelation no longer.

"And now that you have made your business arrangements with my future proprietor," said Nina, with laughing eyes and radiant countenance, as her brother returned from an interview with his visitor, "do pray, dear brother, tell me how much I may be worth per week."

"Well, love," replied Cecil, with hesitation, "considering that you are entirely unknown and quite inexperienced; that you have not the great theatrical lineage which some persons give an interest to your debut; that (I am only quoting the manager's words, you know) you have no decidedly original readings of any well-known—"

"Am I worth nothing?" interrupted the girl, passionately. "What does all this tend to? Was the man lying to my face ten minutes ago?"

"No, Nina, no," stammered her brother; "but the offer seemed so small, so insignificant, that I scarcely liked to come to it. Fifteen pounds a week. It would be positively distressing were it not so ridiculous; but Siddons, O'Neills, and Nina Hothams must begin, you see, even upon a trifle."

She tossed her head and pouted a little at this intelligence; but presently left the room to pursue her studies, in her natural high spirits. Cecil stood looking at the door through which she had departed, with loving but melancholy eyes. He had schooled the manager in the part he was to play with Nina before he saw her, and his subsequent business arrangements with that gentleman had been different, indeed, from that which he had represented them.

"I think I was right," he mused; "I trust I was right. To have told her the miserable truth—that I have had to pay fifteen pounds a week for the privilege of her being permitted to act—would have gone well nigh to kill her. After next month, too, all those things will be changed. Such beauty, such grace, such genius, cannot remain long unappreciated by any who have eyes and ears."

At the little transpontine theatre the effect of this peculiarly dramatic arrangement was tremendous. The first tragic lady, who had to become the second tragic lady at once, enacted a little extemporaneous tragedy upon her own account by going into hysterics. The second and third tragic ladies were each proportionally indignant at being unconsciously thrust down a peg a place in the dramatic scale. The sentiments of the whole corps of female artists can be only paralleled by those of the military, when the highest step is not allowed, for some unexplained reason, to go in the regiment. The male actors protested in soothing tones that they would scorn to act with the interloper; or, if they were obliged to do so, that they would act exceedingly ill.

Accordingly—for to this universal jealousy of his sister's position, poor Cecil always ascribed the catastrophe—when the nameless tragedienne made her First Appearance at the transpontine theatre, no failure had ever been so complete, on either side of the Thames. There was pretty general applause when she made her first majestic appearance; but, from the moment when she began to speak, until she closed her eyes in mimic death, the noise had it.

The second night was not so completely unfortunate as the first; only because there were not so many people in the house to express disapprobation. On the third night the deposed first tragic lady of the theatre resumed her way.

It would be painful to narrate in detail, how, at this and that inferior theatre, Nina Hotham attempted again and again to assert her fancied pre-eminence, and always in vain; how hundreds of pounds were spent on this costly whim of hers, although her brother never had the heart to tell her the truth; and how he himself never lost his loving faith in her; but believed that the world would welcome her, one day, yet. Feebly and fretful at the slightest cross, as she had ever been, she now began to pine under this great reverse. Her vanity, so far from being crushed by these repeated disappointments, grew ranker and wilder than ever; stretching out to the luxuriant tendrils on all sides, and finding nothing to support them, anywhere. It really seemed as if the glare of the footlights and the breath of popular applause were as light and air to her, and that, both being denied her, she must perish.

Cecil Hotham, knowing so much better than she did, in what light estimation her talents had been held, was yet so blinded with admiration for her as to determine to risk his all in one more grand attempt to get her a public hearing. One of the two great London theatres being advertised to be let, for a certain time, this good young man—sensible enough in ordinary circumstances wherein his sister was not concerned, but about as fitted for the part of manager of such an establishment as the Vicar of Wakefield—resolved to undertake the management of it. Matters were the more difficult and unfavorable for him, inasmuch as all things were made subservient to the interests of Nina. The stars who chanced just then to be not fixed, were excluded from his company lest they should dim his sister's brightness; but the minor constellations exacted from him the pay of their superiors. (They were not going to do second business (how indignantly poor Nina echoed that word!) to a person without an established name, unless they were well compensated for that humiliation.)

In spite of the two theatrical agents in his employment, or, perhaps, because of them, the young manager paid double the usual head-

money for every recruit in his enormous corps dramatique.

However, the plan of the campaign was in the end arranged, and the object of all his preparations at last placed in a position to wear the crown of triumph she had so long desired.

Nina Hotham's name in letters of all the colors in the rainbow, and bigger than the poor girl herself, waited the metropolitan eye wherever it fell. The newspapers proclaimed to the whole country, including the little world round Brentfield, how the ambitious debutante had chosen one of the first characters in the range of British drama in which to make her appearance upon the first stage in Europe, on that day fortnight. Nina Hotham had selected no less a part for herself than that of Lady Macbeth.

The hour to which brother and sister had looked forward with a secret suspense that was almost agony, at length arrived. The vast theatre was densely crowded from floor to ceiling. Puffing had done its work. Vague rumors also of failure at other places, and under a feigned name, had got about, and excited curiosity to the utmost. A great number of her private friends, too, were there; besides at least five hundred hands, which, if they did not applaud, ought to be ashamed of themselves, since they had been admitted by order, and upon that very condition.

In the third tier, far back in the darkness of a private box, sat the Reverend Appleby Swete, now rector of Brentfield; who, for all his hasty words and rigid resolves, had an interest in the fate of the heroine of the night only second to that felt by one other. The ocean of murmurs that in that vast concourse ebbed and flowed about him, bringing her beloved name upon its almost every wave. He had behaved violently to her, he now thought, and too rightly. Perhaps her haughty spirit had been even driven into its present course by his harsh words. He was, not she, who was to blame. He had need to offer her reparation as well as forgiveness.

All sounds suddenly died away as the curtain rose upon the new heath scenery that had been painted, regardless of expense, for the present occasion. The witches prophesied; the Thanes did everything that was expected of them; but Mr. Swete had neither eyes nor ears for them.

A room within Macbeth's castle at Inverness. A pause, wherein you might have heard a pin drop, and then a roar of applause which shook the house. Nina Hotham was in the centre of the stage, magnificent, majestic; the object upon which the eyes of thousands were concentrated. The letter from Macbeth was in her hand, from which she ought to have already spoken the first sentence. Another roar of applause. Still Nina spoke not one single syllable, nor was she fated to speak; her faculties were numbed; her tongue powerless; her limbs immovable. She was paralysed by stage-fright. Applause, mingled with disapprobation, succeeded; then disapprobation only. Finally, the curtain descended upon the voiceless Lady Macbeth in a perfect storm of hisses.

Even Cecil Hotham knew that Nina's chance as a favorite of the public was now gone forever. The final opportunity, thus lost, had cost—with the previous expenses upon her account—nearly all their fortune. Nevertheless, did he ever utter. After paying every farthing that they owed, he left his expensive residence, and removed with her to a suburban lodging; their Brentfield house having been sold.

A room was appropriated in their humble home for the vast assemblage of theatrical properties which now seemed to form her sole comfort. It was her melancholy delight to catalogue these relics of what she was wont to consider her palmy time; to array herself in the most gorgeous mimic vestments; to represent to her own satisfaction still the characters which she was never destined to perform before others.

The Hothams courted obscurity; and, like all who have got through their property, and lived only for themselves or for each other, they easily obtained it. Only one visitor was ever seen to enter their door. The Reverend Appleby Swete came to place his heart at the disposal of Nina, in spite of all that had come and gone. She received him very kindly, and indeed with a greater appearance of affection than she had at any time exhibited towards him; but it was only to dismiss him for ever. Anxiety, disappointment, and, more than all, disgrace, had undermined the poor girl's constitution to an extent that no physician could remedy. She had only a few months in which to live—and she knew it. She told him this, with an earnestness against which he did not dare to hope.

She found it much harder to persuade her brother—always anxious to believe pleasant things about her—that her case was indeed so bad; but, at last, even he was brought to believe it.

"If I had years and years to live, dear Cecil," cried she, one day when she had grown very weak and ill, "they would be all too short to prove how grateful my heart feels to you; it has been a selfish, foolish, blinded heart, all along, I fear."

"Hush, hush!" he whispered, fondly, "I have done nothing which my judgment has not approved. To me you are as great as you are dear. We have done with all that is now, but only yesterday, when you spoke those noble words as a queen should speak them, and looked every inch a queen, and felt—"

"Hush, hush, dear brother," she murmured, "no more of this. I will act no part with my own Cecil again. You have been deceived, and I have deceived myself. We two have both been wrong; you through love, and I through shameful vanity. I am no actress, and no genius; have no wisdom, power, nor truth. I am a poor, weak, sinful girl, who has ruined the kindest brother the world ever saw."

Yet, when Nina died, her brother missed not only Nina, but a being of infinite radiance, knowledge, skill. He never lost his faith in her, dead or alive. And, when he died himself—which was not long afterwards—the effects belonging to him which were found most religiously preserved, tied up and sealed, were certain monstrous boxes filled with theatrical gossams.

## LOVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The storm drives o'er the face of heaven,  
The steel falls thick and fast,  
The frightened leaves are wildly driven  
Before the manlike blast.

But there is sunshine in my heart,  
And sweet bird melody,  
Here Love dwells from the world apart—  
The angel Love with me.

The winter wind may rave and moan  
Around the door and eaves;  
The vine may sigh alone, alone,  
Bewailing her dead leaves.

What seek I while the purple light  
Of Love around me gleams,  
And the star of faith, serene and bright,  
Upon my pathway beams?

Pittsburg, Pa. E. A. M.

## A SHARP HOUSEKEEPER.

I never see the reason why your smart housekeepers must necessarily be Xantippes. I once had the misfortune to be domesticated during the summer months with one of this genus.

I should like to have seen the adventurous spider that would have dared to ply his cunning trade in Mrs. Parriott's premises. Nobody was allowed to sleep a wink beneath the roof. Even the old rooster crowed an hour earlier than any of his neighbors. "Go ahead!" was written on every broomstick in the establishment.

She gave her husband his breakfast, buttoned him up in his overcoat, and put him out of the door, with his face in the direction of the store, in less time than I have taken to tell it. Then she snatched up six little Parriotts, scrubbed their faces up and down without regard to feelings or pug noses, till they shone like a row of milk cans.

"Clear the track!" was her motto on washing days. She never drew a long breath till the wash-tubs were turned bottom upward again, and every article of wearing apparel sprinkled, folded, ironed, and placed on the backs of their respective owners. It always gave me a stitch in the side to look at her.

As to her "cleaning days," I never had courage to witness one. I had to lay under an apple tree in the orchard till she was through. A whole platoon of soldiers wouldn't have frightened me so much as that virago and her mop.

You should have seen her in her glory on baking days," her sleeves rolled up to her arm-pits, and a long check apron swathed round her luster-like figure; the great oven blazing, glowing and sparkling in a manner very suggestive to a lary sinner like myself.

The interminable row of greased pie plates, and pans of rough-and-ready ginger-bread, and pots of pork and beans, in an edifying state of progression; and the immense embryo loaves of brown and wheaten bread. To my innocent inquiry whether she thought the latter would rise, she set her skinny arms akimbo, marched up within kissing distance of my face, cocked her head on one side, and asked if "I thought she looked like a woman to be trifled with by a loaf of bread?" The way I settled down into my slippers without a reply, probably convinced her that I was no longer skeptical on that point.

Saturday evening she employed in winding up everything that was unwound in the house—the entry clock included. From that time till Monday morning she devoted herself to her husband and Sabbath-day exercise. All I have to say is, that it is to be hoped she carried some of the fervor of her secular employment into those halcyon hours.

ONE OF THE "MERCHANT PRINCES" OF NEW YORK.—He was born at Hubbletown, Connecticut, in the year 1802. By the time he was ten years old (and very old, indeed, he was at that time of life,) he had made one hundred and sixty-five bargains, bartered and dickered in shoe-strings, peg-tops and jack-knives, and had amassed the sum of five dollars and fifty-three cents. At the age of eleven, he entered the store of Grab and Ketchum, in his native town, and continued therein as a clerk until he had reached the age of fifteen years, and accumulated the sum of two hundred and five dollars and thirty-two cents. Investing this amount in potatoes and dried pumpkins, he set sail in a Stonington sloop for New York, and with his entire possessions landed at Fulton Market in the year 1817. Since that time he has passed through the several professions of vegetable purveyor, fish vender, general merchant, bank president and solid man, and is now considered a magnate and millionaire. He was never indicted for stealing, nor accused of infidelity. He was never troubled with an ill idea, never had an unselfish aspiration, never went out of his way to do a charitable act, never bothered himself with romance, sentiment or art, never spoke two consecutive sentences in a grammatical manner, never looked at the stars over his head or the flowers under his feet. He is some fifty-six years of age, bald, bilious, and not especially amiable. He has just built a large brick house, veneered with brown stone, and furnished it with satin wood and bronzette, and hung the walls with paintings, evidently by very old, and, indeed, quite decrepit masters, and set up a carriage. He has achieved a fine social position, and is now considered a most desirable match for any virgin in New York.—N. F. Faw.

THINKING ALONE.—The play was "Hamlet," and great amusement was afforded by a little bit of eccentricity in the principal performer, an amateur from a Glasgow dramatic club. This gentleman had acquired a great habit of quoting Shakespeare, and invariably, after a recitation, out came the customary "Shakespeare." He became so forgetful of being in the middle of "Hamlet," that, after one of his best soliloquies, as usual, the quotation must be given, and in a moment, to the astonishment of both audience and brother actors, there rolled from his mouth the sonorous mark indicative of his author—"Shakespeare." The effect of such a thing cannot be given on paper, but it was excessively ludicrous.—Confessions of a Strolling Player.

## Useful Receipts.

RECIPE FOR CURING HAM.—I send you the following recipe for curing hams, as a valuable addition to those heretofore published:

8 pounds salt; 2 ounces saltpetre; 1½ ounce potash; 2 pounds brown sugar, or 4 gallon molasses; 1 ounce red pepper. These ingredients, dissolved in five gallons of water, constitute a brine which should be poured on 100 pounds of hams, already packed and closely fitted in a water-tight cask;—the hams having been previously rubbed with salt and thoroughly aired two days before being put into the cask.

After immersion from four to six weeks (according to size) they should be hung up by the skin of the shank, and, when smoked sufficiently, covered with paper; then put in bags and hung, hook downwards. The whole process completed before the warm days of March.

The above has been practised with uniform success by the people of Albemarle county, Virginia, and is the recipe of Mr. S. W. Picklin, of that locality.—C. Q. T., in *American Farmer*.

ANOTHER RECIPE FOR HAM.—The following is also said to be excellent:

To 1,000 pounds of meat, put 3 pecks fine Liverpool salt and 4 pounds saltpetre. Put neither pepper, sugar nor molasses with the foregoing. Pack in a cask, the bottom of which must be perforated with holes, to allow the drip of bloody water to pass off. Let remain three weeks, and then smoke every morning with good green hickory wood, using a box stove placed in a room, or elsewhere, and separated from the meat a sufficient distance, so that the smoke may be cooled before it comes in contact with the meat. Sew up in canvass bags the latter part of February, but by no means later, for fear the fly should appear some mild day.

STILL ANOTHER.—THE NE PLUS ULTRA HAM.—The following is the receipt for curing the "Ne plus Ultra" ham, which was sent in by the owner to the Committee of the Maryland State Society at its late annual exhibition. The ham bore off the first prize:

"Take a single pound of pepper, four times as much of salt, two ounces of good allspice, and a quart of barley malt; potash, about two ounces, saltpetre twice as much; one pound of good white sugar, which feels sandy to the touch; a little common soda, (to make the lean more mellow), and prevent the fatty part of meat from becoming yellow. Put these in filtered water, (five gallons is enough) and boil them altogether—a most precious mess of stuff! Skim off the foreign matter as it is not fit to eat, when you will have the brine, for one hundred pounds of meat. You need not stop to cool it, it is all the better hot, but pour it, *sans ceremony*, directly from the pot; there let the meat for thirty days, lie soaking in this brine, (but just add a small nutmeg, and a pint of glycerine.) Then take it from the pickling tub, and wash it in cold water. Next hang it up to smoke, ten days, 'leastwise' I think you ought to; burn maple, oak, corn cobs or tan, most any wood will do; the old foggy song, 'bout hickory wood, I don't believe is true; do smoke while wind comes from the east, or south-east or south; for take my word that meat will taste quite bitter in the mouth; but choose it north, north-west or west, your meat will then smoke right, and not present, as 't'other would, a very ugly plight; you then will have an article, that will the palate tickle; I'm sure you will agree with me, that 'tis a pretty pickle. You think the next thing to be told is how to keep it good; that surely is not difficult, if once 'tis understood—sew it up in canvass and suspend, but not quite to the skies, you'll keep it thus secure against the rats, mice, bugs and flies. Now don't you think this is plain, plain as plain need be, I think it is so very plain, a blind man it would see. I would go on to tell you the use of each ingredient, but that I am inclined to think, that is not expedient; suffice it that I here have told the way 'to save one's bacon,' if 'tain't believed, I hope you will, please ask Professor Aiken. And now, Dear Messrs. Judges, if you'll award a prize to 'Ne plus Ultra,' (that's the name) I'll think you're very wise; but if you don't, look out for squeals, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll ne'er cut up another hog, unless I think of you. Very respectfully,

Mrs. D. BROWN."

P. S.—The ham I send is very small, six pounds I think it weighs, I would have sent a larger one, and with "one of these days." 'Twas all I had, 'twas "Holston's choice." I hope it's very good, tho' 'pon my honor, *Gents*, it was the *Road pig of the Blood*. D. B.

MAKING SAUSAGE.—Having experimented for a term of years, we think we have perfected a rule that will never fail to make sausages of the finest flavor. Pass your meat, (without freezing,) through your meat cutter, put it into a kettle, and place it on a stove or over a moderate fire. Off with your coat, roll up your sleeves, go into it with both hands, and stir it, being careful not to let it cook or burn on the bottom, while the second person adds the following:—For 10 pounds meat, 3 large table-spoons of salt; 5 of sage; 2 of summer savory; 2 of black pepper, 1 teaspoonful of saltpetre, pulverized or dissolved; ½ pound sugar. Stir until the seasoning is thoroughly incorporated with the meat, then pack in deep earthen dishes or tin pans. Set away to cool.

The next day, or soon after, warm lay so that it will spread with a case knife and make a coating over the meat and it will keep any reasonable length of time fresh and sweet. Should you wish to preserve any until warm weather, take fine brown paper, cut it a little larger than the surface of your dish, wet it on one side with the white of an egg, lay it on egg side down, pressing it gently with the hand, letting the edge come over the edge of the dish which will soon adhere and exclude all air. Keep it in a cool, dry place. Readers, try it.—J. W. COLLINS, in *Rural New Yorker*.

TO PREVENT RABBITS GIRDLING TREES.—A good protection is afforded by narrow strips of cotton cloth, wound about the bodies, as high as the rabbits can reach, to be removed in the spring. If the cloth is then dried, and put away carefully, it will last a number of years, or until the trees have outgrown all danger.—*Country Gentleman*.



## IDEAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MISS H. E. KEARS, M. D.

The convent with its massive walls of stone,  
Stands gray and silent 'mid the city fair.  
And with the outer life's tumult no tone,  
Save of the ringing of the bell to prayer;  
Like a great heart-throb going up to God,  
It maketh hush amid the roar and din,  
Speaking of paths of peace that may be trod,  
Of sure retreat from life's dark we and sin.

And peaceful are the hours within those walls—  
The soul withdrawn from all unquietness,  
In the blest solitude that round her falls,  
Can sound the depths of her own happiness;  
While lifting her dim, penitent eyes to heaven,  
Slowly she apprehends, and wonderingly,  
How she hath been beloved, and how forgiven,  
As the full key-note of her destiny.

And the deep, silent joy, the holy calm  
Of God's infinitude rests down upon her;  
A heart all torn and bleeding brings her balm;  
From grief and woe and pain Christ hath won her.  
In heavenward contemplation, now unheard  
Are earth's harsh noises; the sweet reverie  
Is broken no more by passion's tumult stirred,  
Or by the wail of sad Humanity.

Sweet convent life! without those walls of stone,  
Existence may be made a happy dream—  
The joys of solitude when fully known,  
Refresh the soul, whatever be the theme  
Of reverie or thought: nature or art.  
The inspiration blent of poetry,  
Or the deep holy bliss that fills the heart  
In thoughts of God and immortality.

And some, from ordinary walks of life,  
Enshrine themselves thus in a calm ideal,  
In quiet beauty walk, amid the strife,  
The rights and sounds discordant of the real;  
Yet while I envy such, I am forbid  
To follow, by stern inward questioning,  
Whether God's talent in the darkness hid,  
Be not demanded with their reckoning?

Whether the guilt and equal and the pain,  
That round us lie, but do not penetrate  
Our artist-life, may not, like curse of Cain,  
Make a dread shadow on our after fate?  
"Where is thy brother?" on the startled sleeper  
Ringing in tones of thunder, wakes the sleeper  
From dreams of selfishness that held control,  
To stammer forth, "Am I my brother's  
keeper?"

Thy brother's keeper! saith thy weak defence:  
Levy in thy Arcadian path no room,  
Sitting apart in cold magnificence,  
Leaving thy brother in his crime and gloom!  
Levy gathers up the sunbeams of the heart,  
And sheds them sweetly on the lowliest,  
And cannot revel in a joy apart,  
While one is left, of God or man unblest.

Thou! Contemplation! life is all too short,  
For its brief hours to be devoted to thee.  
While my soul coveteth the life resort,  
My steps must seek the haunts of misery.  
Must recognize the glorious Son of God,  
In person of a follower weak and lowly,  
No rugged track of duty leave untrod,  
Finding in pain and toil the high and holy.

## THE HUNTER AND THE ELEPHANTS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY THE  
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An English merchant by the name of Harrison, formed in 1802, a company for the purpose of procuring ivory. The counting-room was established at Sourabaya.

A hundred skillful hunters were engaged and sent in a vessel to Algoa Bay, with orders to advance upon the shore and surround the elephants on the side of those savage deserts which border the Lake of Makdas, and which are everywhere bristling with sugar-canes planted by Nature, that great provider for elephants.

Harrison wished to command the first expedition himself. He was an Englishman, of thirty-four, born in India, and possessing all the instincts of a savage, with all the faculties of a civilized man; so he inspired great confidence in the adventurers who accompanied him. They followed him with blind ardor, because they knew he had always acquired fame and fortune.

One day when the wind was blowing from Mount Lupata, that backbone of the world, our hunters fearing no betrayal by human exhalations, so subtly seemed by the elephants in spite of distances, ventured to penetrate a sparse forest, where the dense and arching vines, like natural galleries, betokened the frequent passage of these colossal of creation. They travelled three or four miles without discovering anything; but very soon in an immense clearing, they perceived three elephants, immovable, like those of the subterranean temples of India. One of them suddenly gave signs of uneasiness, as if he felt the ground agitated by the tread of unknown enemies, and uttered a dull and prolonged cry as if to order a retreat. The intrepid Harrison whispered to his neighbor: "There is an ivory mine!" And he set himself about obtaining it.

By one of those caprices so frequent in African nature, vegetation here ceased, and a fearful barrenness suddenly revealed to the hunters sharp rocks, unfathomable abysses, valleys of sombre granite, a bare and desolate horizon, which resembled the immense crater of a volcano recently extinguished by a geological convulsion. At the entrance of a very narrow valley, might be seen gray masses resembling enormous fragments of rocks fallen from the mountain; but when the sun, emerging from the clouds, shone on them, life was seen beneath this semblance of granite; it was the immovable van-guard of the elephants of Wilikarna.

Harrison, who thought himself a skillful general, because he was courageous, made then a miscalculation in strategy. Deceived by the configuration of the country, and unacquainted with the geological freaks of interior Africa, he thought the elephantine troop had stupidly entrenched itself in a sort of corridor without

outlet, in a granite valley, where he might easily reap a harvest of ivory, by driving them with the carbine to its farthest recesses. This was judging elephants very unfairly. The Romans, under Consul Pontius, committed in the dedies of Candium, the fault anticipated by our English hunter; but elephants are more provident than the Romans. The valley had an outlet, and communicated with the chain of Lupata.

"We will commence with the van-guard," thought the leader Harrison, "and afterwards attack the whole band by the two declivities of the valley, firing down upon them."

And giving to the hunters the preconcerted signal, he fired, and a hundred carbines went off at once to kill three elephants.

The noise of saltpetre had never before resounded in this region; the echoes of the solitude repeated it to infinity, and all sorts of savage cries, of bird songs, of wild roarings mingled with the echoes, and made interior Africa speak a language unknown to the inheritors of Schem, Ham and Japhet.

To these sounds of the solitude soon succeeded a frightful hurricane, which was no other than the concert of the anger of the elephants, the legitimate residents of this desert, revolting against an odious usurpation. The indignation of these colossal vibrated in the air and agitated the epidermis of the hunters like a shower of electric sparks. The bravest trembled, and dared not reload their arms; Harrison alone retained his sang froid, and sought to distinguish the enemy through the dense smoke of the carbines. It quickly cleared away and showed to the hunters six elephants who were charging upon the ivory-seekers. There was then a general *enferme*; Harrison attempted to rally the fugitives, but panic terror has no ears; the army abandoned its leader, and disappeared in the labyrinth of the woods.

Elephants, though more agile than horses, disdain to pursue their enemies. The game is not worth it. They contented themselves with surrounding Harrison with their trunks to prevent his flight. One of these colossal had been wounded in the ear, and the elephant always distinguishes the hand which has struck him. Harrison was the only culprit; all the other carbines had missed.

The wounded elephant marched gravely towards his assassin, and the slowness of his pace would have been quickly changed into a gallop if Harrison had taken flight. At this terrible moment, the bravest would have lost courage; so the determination which the hunter formed cannot be considered an act of cowardice; as he saw the colossal march towards him, and followed with a bewildered eye the undulations of this threatening troop, Harrison fell on his knees, clasped his hands, and assumed a supplicating air, as he would have done before an absolute monarch to ask a pardon or sue for a reprieve. It is said that lions are sensitive to manifestations of politeness; so we need not be astonished if elephants comprehend repentance, and are susceptible of magnanimity. The elephant stopped before Harrison, and appeared to reflect a few minutes. Reflection travels quickly through the vast brain of these giants. The hunter recited his last prayer, and commended his soul to God. The other elephants remained at a distance and observed all with their little eyes. This grand scene of the desert had no other witness than the sun, who would be the most curious of historians if he could write all he has seen in mute silences.

The elephant delicately seized Harrison with the end of his trunk, made him describe a circle in the air, then placed him astride upon his neck; after which the gigantic quadruped uttered a little cry, and marched towards the valley.

The others followed, as if they had divined the thought of their friend. Harrison, carrying his carbine in his shoulder-belt, and perched on the colossal, continued his prayer; for he presumed that only a reprieve had been granted, and that his execution would take place afterwards, in presence of the whole colony, to amuse these great idlers of the desert.

Another one of the errors which man commits when he dares to put the routine of his own customs in parallel with the good sense of the colossal of creation. We calculate their intelligence in supposing them capable of killing a man in order to amuse elephant spectators. Harrison was, however, very excusable if he was mistaken at so fearful a moment; he was not seated, like Buffon, with his lacon, in a good easy chair in his study before an engraving of Lejair, representing an elephant and his cornucopia; the unfortunate hunter was paying in his own person the errors of his zoological observations; we must excuse him.

We must submit to what we cannot prevent; Harrison therefore allowed himself to be guided by his invincible enemy.

The elephant crossed the valley, and marching always with the confident step of one who is sure of his ground, he entered a magnificent forest, pierced with gloomy arcades of the height of an elephant, and which seemed to be the central domain of the colony. If the hunter had been free from anxiety, he would have admired this primitive nature which surrounded him with her marvels. The trees, contemporary with the first days of creation, formed everywhere impenetrable ramble, and resounded with the songs of birds; springs of living water gushed from the moss, and formed little lakes or varbling rivulets; a thousand unknown flowers, daughters of the burning African zone, decorated the trunks of the trees with superb arabesques, and perfumed the solitudes; an exquisite coolness rejoiced the soul and body, and made one doubt, even under the tropic, the existence of the sun. Alas! a criminal on his way to execution could not enjoy so many pleasures and so much splendor.

They arrived at an immense rotunda of verdure, where lived a numerous family of elephants in the midst of a profound peace, and very far from tigers and lions, neighbors little formidable, but very annoying. The mothers appeared to take a lively pleasure in the joyous gambols of their little ones, on the thick turf, or in the fresh waters of the lake, enamelled with the blossoms of the water-lily; the fathers, more grave, occupied themselves with their

domestic duties; they detached with their trunks the bread-fruit, which their children could not yet reach, and several were seen to return bearing sheaves of sugar-cane to the storehouse of provisions. The most perfect harmony reigned in this little savage state, where every one was at the same time a monarch and a slave to his duty.

The wounded elephant gently deposited his prisoner on the turf, and was received by his brethren with great demonstrations of joy. These colossal, who had never seen man, did not deign to notice the dwarf he had brought to the colony, which at that moment disturbed very little the self-esteem of Harrison. The hunter, free in his movements, looked around him to discern some narrow and tortuous path which might favor his flight; but he immediately perceived that the watchword had been given; four elephants guarded him, with trunks uplifted, like sentinels ready to fire on a fugitive prisoner.

On the turf where the hunter resignedly seated himself, bread-fruit, sugar-cane and all the excellent products of these wild orchards were heaped in abundance, a stream of living water flowed near; one need not then fear to die of hunger or thirst in this elephantopolis of the desert; but another death was constantly imminent; it is so easy for a colossal of this country to give a slight blow of his trunk on the nose of a hunter, and all is over.

Harrison, therefore, feared this accident, but by degrees became reassured as he saw the benevolent disposition of the troop; he even dared make his first repast, for he was dying of hunger and thirst. No elephant disturbed the hunter in this important act of his life; those who were nearest the green tablecloth where his frugal meal was spread out, appeared, on the contrary, very joyous at seeing their guest satisfy largely the demands of his thirst and his appetite. Everything went well; but man, being never satisfied with his condition since Eden, Harrison, satiated and reassured, attempted to divine the intention of the elephants; for these animals, carefully observed by him, have always an object, and do nothing for the pleasure of doing nothing.

A certain agitation was soon manifested in the troop, and a sound of heavy steps shook the ground where the hunter was resting. Four elephants, who seemed to be chiefs in the colony, shook their trunks and uttered hollow murmurs. The younger ones continued to sport thoughtlessly on the grass, but the parents appeared very anxious.

However, no movement appeared to be aimed at the hunter, which redoubled his fears, for, thought Harrison, it is impossible that so many giants would demean themselves thus to proceed to the execution of a dwarf of my species; something more serious must therefore be in agitation; their subtle trunks have smelt an invasion of wild beasts; I am about to witness a battle of lions and elephants, and in the melee shall be certain to receive a blow with a trunk or claw; I must then profit by the general commotion and escape. This time I shall not be noticed.

Having thought thus, Harrison crept along the grass like a cunning serpent, to gain the extremity of the gallery; his gaolers immediately advanced with trunks uplifted, but cautiously, and made him understand that his project of escape was discovered, and that he must renounce it under pain of death.

"This is strange!" thought the hunter; "how does it happen that at a moment so solemn, at the approach of a formidable battle, such as the bulletins of history have never described, these elephants should still deign to be occupied with me?"

Then he assumed a very humble attitude, and expressed by his gestures his intention to remain.

The ground still trembled beneath invisible feet, but too heavy to betoken an invasion of lions, if the observer had been calm. The elephants turned their glances in the direction of the sound, and their attitudes became more uneasy than threatening. What an enigma for a compromised naturalist!

At last one elephant issued from an arcade, then another, then a third; the new comers were received with lively manifestations of joy, and at the same instant shrill cries, which might have been bursts of laughter from the infernal regions, resounded on the trees of the rotunda. Harrison then comprehended the kind of invasion which the elephants feared: an army of large monkeys had just alighted on the neighboring branches, and were executing an intolerable concert; then these horrible quadrupeds gathered cocoa-nuts, and threw them at the heads of the elephants, with the address of clowns, and the laughter was redoubled along the line. It was indeed a spectacle of pity, to see those noble animals thus tormented in their peaceful lives by these ignoble creatures, always sure of impunity.

This is humanity! We think these good elephants happy in the midst of their dense forests, on the banks of their lakes, peaceful and wise; enjoying their strength, and never using it against their neighbors; all living in the bosom of their families; mute patriarchy, who have had the privilege of speaking no language, which saves them from each other's calamity and insult; well, it is written that happiness shall be eternally absent from earth! Monkeys were created to trouble these grave and mild philosophers in their sports, their repasts, their friendships, their lives. It has often been asked what was the use of these large monkeys. They serve this purpose: they poison the lives of elephants.

Such was the reflection of the hunter, naturalist may find it paradoxical, which gives it a chance to be true at an early day.

The harsh and railing tumult which at this moment desolated this beautiful solitude had not arrived at its height. Clouds of winged actors seemed to drop from the sky to do their part in the horrible concert; this was an auxiliary invasion, that of parrots of every form, every shade, every bloom known to the desert. These parasite birds accompany the monkeys, their parvies, to pick up the shells of the nuts cracked by their own jaws, and pay for their repast by imitating all the cries, all the noises, all the gambols of animals and of solitude. This harsh tumult, formed by the cries of the monkeys and the imitations of the parrots, annoyed the delicate sense of hearing of these poor

elephants, and compelled even the younger ones to suspend their infantile sports. It was then that the elephant wounded by Harrison advanced towards the hunter and gave him an expressive look.

In his quality of man, the hunter did not at first at all understand the mute request of the elephant; he reflected, looked at the summit of the trees and then at the turf, and discovered nothing, which excited little tremors of impatience in the colossal. How stupid is man! he would have said, if he could have spoken.

And if the elephant, endowed with speech, and acquainted with ancient history, had added anything to his exclamation so uncompromising to human intelligence, he might have said:—In the year 261, Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, thinking himself not strong enough to attack the Romans, summoned elephants to his assistance, and with the aid of these, defeated the Romans at the battle of Heraclea; well! stupid Harrison, if I have forgiven you for my wound, if I have not killed you with a blow from my trunk, if I have conducted you hither, among us, do you think it was to show you as a curiosity to my brethren? Do you not divine my intention? Do you think me less intelligent than Pyrrhus, King of Epirus? We have need of you to put to flight our monkeys, which poison the happiness of our lives. Come, use the weapon which was so skillful in wounding an elephant, use your address to render a service to honest people, undeservedly persecuted.

The idea suddenly illuminated the brain of Harrison; at last he comprehended! and an expression of gratified pride appeared on his countenance; he was about to render an important service to the elephants, his friends!

In his turn the hunter attempted to make himself understood by his interlocutor, for, fearing the anger of the monkeys, he needed a solid intrenchment and a shelter, which would permit him to fire on the marauders with impunity.

The elephant immediately comprehended the hunter, and placed him between his two trunks and beneath his uplifted trunk. Protected by this inaccessible fortification, Harrison took his double-barrelled gun, selected the two quadrupeds leaders, who were balancing at the extremity of a long branch, bordered by an arabesque of parrots, with the cries and the grimaces of demons, and fired twice.

A single but formidable cry was heard; as if the creatures who had uttered it had been at the same moment stifled by an electric strangulation. An immense cloud of parrots rose on the summit of the trees, like a painted dome, and divided itself immediately into a thousand fragments, as if a gust of wind had just dissolved it into air. It was one of those marvellous spectacles which interior Africa keeps for herself, or delivers only to heroic adventures who dare to surprise her in the formidable mystery of her shadows or her sunshine.

The inexhaustible echoes of the chain of Lupata added this double detonation, repeating it to infinity, and the colonies of lions scattered among the caverns of this artery of the globe, responded by roars to this first sound of conquest and of civilisation.

The hunter had not wasted his two shots; the two monkeys fell dead on the turf. Two elephants ran, seized them with their trunks, and flung them adroitly towards the higher branches as if to deliver them to the examination of their families and friends. There was then an explosion of lugubrious and almost human lamentations; a whole nation seemed to be groaning in chorus over the death of an adored sovereign. But the hunter did not allow himself to be moved by this desolation of the monkeys, and reloading his carbine, picked out two more who seemed to be leaders. After each double discharge, the trunks, always skillful, gathered up the dead and sent them to the branches, where they fell into the arms of the desolate survivors. It then became necessary to sound a retreat; the most cowardly gave a sharp signal; the groves were quickly shaken in every leaf, as if by an inward tempest, and the mournful howls of this morning people by degrees died away in the solitude, awakening in thicket and cane families of monkeys, who, since the creation of the world, had never before been disturbed in their peaceful noon-day nap.

Harrison, in his quality of man, assumed the posture of a conqueror, as if he was prepared to receive the homage of the elephants, his friends.

These colossal, modest by nature, seemed not to notice the proud attitude of Harrison, and expressed their gratitude to their deliverer by offering him the finest fruits within reach of their trunks, and which, suspended to the extremities of flexible branches, could not be gathered by man.

Joy pervaded the bosom of the elephantine colony; the mothers caressed their children; lovers formed projects of happiness, which no jealous monkey could disturb; the old promised themselves a tranquil death; the little ones gave themselves up to all sorts of gambols; they gathered flowers, they nipped the grass, inhaled the water of the lake, and flung it in wreaths among the trees; the happy mothers contemplated this pleasant sight with kind eyes, blessing the adroit Pyrrhus who had secured for them this repose.

After the first hour granted to the gratification of pride, Harrison reflected and became sad. Not fearing to speak aloud, he addressed to himself this soliloquy:

"All goes well, I confess; I am King of a kingdom of elephants my friends, who will torment me by their gratitude, and imprison me in the circle of their affection, a circle of impassable trunks. What is to become of me? Am I to eat pleasant fruits and drink sweet waters all my life? To live alone, at thirty years, amid this society of quadrupeds, seems impossible. I must therefore seek to escape. A gentleman is not made to look after a troop of elephants and to defend them against monkeys all his life. I will return to my friends, and choose a favorable wind and the darkest night."

The elephants had already divined the thought of the hunter; nevertheless, they performed their part as gaolers with infinite delicacy; they had the air of placing themselves

as if by chance, at every outlet, and left unguarded only the thick and inextricable walls which the forest elevated everywhere in its virgin wildness.

Occasionally the spirit of business would afford our hunter a salutary distraction; he had before his eyes a fortune, a mine of ivory which he valued at sixteen thousand pounds sterling; never had a hunter seen so much ivory promading around him.

Next to hope, resignation is the most precious gift which God has bestowed upon our souls. The hunter resigned himself, and thenceforth confided to Providence the care of his life. His only hope was in gaining the confidence of the elephants, to decide it at the first opportunity. All his thoughts were concentrated on this object. He devoted himself therefore to their service and amusement; he took care of the children and the infirm; swam in the lake on their backs; prepared sugar-cane for the little ones, by stripping off the peel, and dipped bunches of it in the water of the springs, which imparted to it an exquisite sweetness. The elephants were very grateful for these favors, but unfortunately poor Harrison grew fearfully thin after every too frugal repast. It therefore became necessary for him to employ all his remaining strength to support the fatigue of an escape.

While rendering services to the elephants, Harrison had accustomed them to seeing him climb trees in search of parrots' nests for their amusement. Fortunately, he was acquainted with the Indian method of traversing a dense forest without touching the ground. One evening, a little before sunset, and after a repast as substantial as possible, the hunter made his customary ascension among the high branches, and this time resolved to perish, if need be, by the claw of a lion or the trunk of a friend, cleared a path among the boughs with the agility of despair, and soon arrived at the borders of the forest, at the entrance to the sterile valley. There he stopped only a moment to wash in a stream his bare feet and hands, rent by his rough passage through the trees, and marched towards the east with a rapid step, guiding himself by the constellations, those natural compasses of the desert. He only could describe all the incidents of this burning march, which stopped only at Algoa Bay, where lay a ship, the Bird, destined for Surat. It will be imagined with what joy the hunter was received by his countrymen, especially when he had communicated his wonderful adventures. Harrison remained at Surat but four months; he was then summoned to the palace of the Governor, at Calcutta, by Sir William Bentinck, and appointed grand huntsman, with a salary of five hundred pounds. As long as he lived, he never forgot his adventure among the elephants.

A WONDERFUL PENMAN.—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune writes as follows:

"There is a writing master here, one Thaforet by name, who has such a command of his pen that he is able to copy a bank-note, in all of its details, with such nicety as to defy the tellers of the bank themselves. A collector of curiosities called on M. Thaforet one day, and asked him for a five hundred franc note. 'Willingly,' replied the writing master, 'but I must tell you I shall charge two thousand francs for it, and the original is always better than my copy.' And Louis Philippe's children had a writing master named Sylvestre, who copied a thousand franc note so exactly that it was impossible to tell it from the genuine. He gave it to the Count d'Artois, who was then the Governor of the Bank of France. 'M. Sylvestre,' replied the Governor, as he held the note in his hand, 'accept this original note of a thousand francs for your copy, which we shall keep in our archives; but do not be astonished if we instantly place you and keep you for life under the surveillance of the police.' And the Count d'Artois did as he said. Sylvestre was obliged to appeal to Louis Philippe before he could have this disagreeable measure annulled."

SHOCKED WILL.—An inhabitant of Montgallard, who died in 1822, left the following testament:—"It is my will that any of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited; he, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. I order that neither the church nor my house shall be hung with black cloth, but that on the day of my burial the house and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells, I will have drums, fiddles, and flutes. All the musicians of Montgallard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes and minuets." This singular will created the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family the Misanthrope, on account of his gloomy and reserved character.—*Notes and Queries.*

SPURGEON AND GRANTIAN GUINNESS.—There is an amusing anecdote, which we have heard of good authority, relative to these gentlemen, which is so singular and characteristic that we are sure our readers will thank us for making it public. Mr. Guinness, wishing to see the noted London preacher, called at his house. The servant, as usual, asked, "What name, please sir?" "Say," said Mr. G., "a servant of Christ." The message was duly delivered; but Mr. Spurgeon, from some cause or other, did not wish to be troubled with company, and therefore delivered himself thus: "Hm! a servant of Christ, did the gentleman say?" "Yes, sir," replied the domestic. "Then tell him, with my compliments, that I am engaged with my Master, and cannot see him to-day."

MAX AND HIS COUSIN.—In Macculloch's letter to Sir Walter Scott is the following:—"What a piece of work is man!" He certainly is, master Shakespeare. Because his pulse takes a fancy to beat 82 instead of 72, he is unable, in twelve hours, to sit up in his bed; and, when he gets out of it at length to enjoy the fresh air, must hold fast by the wall he could have jumped over a few days before. If the pulse continues rebellious, the carpenter comes and nails him up in a box, and all his half finished schemes are at an end. Some one says, that if a watchmaker's productions did not go better, he would get very little work."

## HOW JOHN WOLFE GOT HIS WIFE.

A delightful evening was passed by all parties; and when John Wolfe was ushered by the old lady to the state bed-room, and had lain himself between the whitest pair of sheets that were ever blanched on the Vermont snows, he was so full of pleasant fancies and joyous hopes that he could not go to sleep for hours. However, toward morning he dozed off, and, as will happen at such times, his day dreams turned themselves into night dreams, and he found himself again travelling up the rugged paths of the White Mountains, with laughing Jane Pinkerton at his side, joking and japing together, lifting her sometimes over some rough obstacle in the path, and then again fairly carrying her across some big drift of snow which the summer sun had not been able to penetrate near enough to wake up; and so on and on, until wearied out, they stooped to gaze upon the magnificent prospect below and around them. Suddenly, John thought he was on his knees before her, pouring out a torrent of passionate words, declaring that life, and hope, and happiness dwelt only where, and when, before he could get an answer, or know whether the dear girl smiled or frowned, behold he woke up. He was dreadfully mortified at first, but presently recollecting where he was, and seeing it was broad daylight, he jumps out of bed, makes his morning ablutions, and dresses himself in great haste, determined to wait no longer for an answer than it would take him to find the object of his dream. Down stairs he goes and into the parlor; she is not there—looks into the garden, but does not see her, when suddenly bethinking such a notable dame might be a good housewife, he starts for the kitchen—where, forsooth, he finds her, slaying like a bird, elbow-deep in the bread trough, kneading away for dear life. John's heavy tread betrayed the intruder, and she looked up.

"Do you want to learn to make johnnycakes, Mr. Wolfe?" she exclaimed, merrily.

"No," said John, rather seriously, for, like a man of deep and earnest feeling as he was, he felt that he approached a crisis in his life; "no, I do not—my johnnycake is mixed already—I only want to know whether I can get it."

The widow did not know what to make of it. "Well," said she, "I do not know any reason why you should not."

"That," replied John, "is what I want to find out; and as you know, my dear friend, that two heads are better than one, I have come to consult you about it."

So, to make the matter plain to her, he related his dream to its termination.

"And now, Jane," said he, "I am here for an answer. Will you be my johnnycake? Yes or no?"

Jane held her head down while he spoke, blushing celestial rose-red—as is quite proper, I believe, on such occasions. But Jane's was an earnest nature, likewise, and all trifling and fun had vanished, when, looking up to him, her bright eyes brimming full of joyous tears, she gave him just one of the sweetest kisses he ever had in his life.

"For ever and ever!" she cried; "for ever and ever, John, if you will have me."

THE LAW OF PROGRESS MODERN.—The law of progress is the fundamental idea which distinguishes the philosophy of our own era from all previous modes of speculation. I do not say that no trace of such an idea is to be found in classical or medieval times; no great idea of this kind comes suddenly into existence; but it certainly occupies no prominent position in any ancient system of philosophy, whether Greek or Oriental, or belonging to the latter stages of the Roman Empire. A great cycle of events, a certain circular movement of all created things ending where they began, was the favorite hypothesis of Indian philosophy, and of those Europeans who cared to carry their speculations over vast eras of time. Our medieval thinkers were generally disposed to look upon this world as a system of things to be soon and abruptly terminated; as a system, in fact, rotten at the core, and which never could arrive to any enviable maturity.

Our present conviction of a law of indefinite progress, we owe partly to the quite modern revelations of geology, unfolding to us the gradual development that our planet has undergone, both in its inorganic and organic forms. We owe it, in part, to the rapid progress lately made in various sciences or arts which augment the power of man; and we owe it partly to that very position we occupy in the long life of the human race, by reason of which we are better able than our predecessors, to understand the significance of the past history of mankind.—*Mr. Smith's Thursday.*

ANOTHER MILITARY UPRISING IN RHODE ISLAND.—The military of Rhode Island must be in a shocking state of imbecility, if the following are to be taken as instances of the spirit that prevails:

"A valiant colonel was sentenced by court-martial to give up his sword, which he did; but soon afterwards his astonished commander saw him at the head of his men, with an uncommonly long sword marching in all the consciousness of unquestioned rank. 'Where did you get that sword?' indignantly asked the superior officer. 'I bought it,' was the reply. The other example is a still more flagrant disregard of that militia discipline, without which the militia is of very little use. An officer had been tried by court-martial, for some offence, what it was we do not remember; perhaps for assuming the rank and duties that appertained to a higher grade. He was sentenced to be reprimanded, and to deliver up his sword for thirty days. The reprimand he bore with great equanimity; as for the sword, he informed the court that he had returned the weapon to George Baker's store, where he'd hired it at the moderate rate of four and a halfpence a day, and he did not doubt that the court might obtain on the same terms, or even at a discount from that price, in consideration of the long time for which it was wanted."

From the small hollow of a dice-box arise fear, rage, convulsions, tears, oaths, blasphemous—as ever seen from the box of Pandora; and not even hope remains behind.







[illegible]

...ately discovered  
...s, has aptly been  
...om the discoverer's  
...*Florida*.

...stock took place  
...on the 27th of  
...a young girl,  
...705. In Petersburg  
...gang of thirty-nine  
...\$22,082.50—one of  
...\$1,151. At  
...the sales of one day  
...and a common fee

...city preserved its  
...of the New Year,  
...two shooting aff  
...and a riot, not to

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...San Francisco.  
...Lake  
...on Brigham  
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...the negro of Hartfo  
...been convicted of a  
...sentenced to be  
...told the jailor his  
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...l by the "suppres  
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...ears Canada, and  
...to denounce his  
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...by the newspaper  
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...tured only—N. Y.

—The danger of tak  
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...suffered, and a  
...brick having burn  
...of the skirts ly  
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...AFFAIRS.—Washing  
...the House Comm  
...the bills of the  
...governments of A  
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...-Colon.

...more than a week  
...of the Ray  
...injuries he receiv  
...a candle, and  
...suffered, and a  
...te fate, in attempt  
...ing.

—*London Paper*,  
...writes to the Mont  
...tions made  
...re L. Caylor, of New  
...Maine Law had p  
...increased more than  
...at of that law.

...has been reported in  
...in accordance with  
...Governor, authoriz  
...to repeal "the  
...appropriating \$30,000

...NEWSPAPER EXTREME  
...bits of the puffing  
...following, which p  
...s of a new paper  
...of a very good  
...of *Waterbury* and  
...prospectus:

...ssued on a sheet to  
...Installation, each  
...of 30,000 square  
...el to raise, is one  
...the  
...of the *Milky Way* ne  
...—or, at least, a "h  
...furlong of good su  
...cent.

...this immense edifice  
...and half a dozen  
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...se could not be p  
...ful to run it. Co  
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...fall at Niagara fo  
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...The *Milky Way* is  
...the best, consist  
...George Bryan, R  
...Clapp, Jewett, An  
...Griewold, Fairbair  
...Bremser, Brugh  
...Bulwer, Mrs. Grun  
...Mr. Dow into the  
...s, Rieck, Kendal  
...a Plunderer, Dose  
...ow, Dow, Jr., Dav  
...row, Sentinel, Sa  
...Inspector, Chas  
...inspector, Chas  
...b, in his opinion, a  
...the result, Mr.  
...the result, Mr.  
...Newman may be  
...sun-flowers, that  
...ough every gard  
...in of the city. Wh  
...ent yellow fever  
...the *Sail of the South*,  
...s, that the sun s  
...to be the very el  
...it is the life of the  
...to the health of  
...I believe that a m  
...who would sleep in  
...This, too, seems to  
...Mauzy states that  
...chman—informed h  
...had been long

...not lately discovered at the Dud-  
man, has aptly been called by Mrs.  
...the discoverer gave the honor-  
able, *Pendula*.

...sun-flower stock took place at Sussex  
...of December, ago.  
...A negro girl, with one child,  
...705. In Petersburg, Virginia, on  
...of thirty-nine, mostly chil-  
...\$22,082 50—one of them, a girl,  
...\$1,151. At Autauga, Ala.,  
...the sales of one day amounted to  
...and a common field hand sold for

...city preserved its reputation on  
...of the New Year, by getting up  
...two shooting affrays, two stab-  
...and a riot, not to mention minor

...the heart had been discovered in the  
...San Francisco.

...the Lake state that the  
...marshal has been prevented from  
...on Brigham Young by the  
...tained by that worthy. It was ex-  
...Judge Sinclair would call upon the  
...to enforce the orders of his court.

...the negro of Hartford, who killed  
...been convicted of murder in the  
...he was sentenced to imprisonment  
...told the jailor his preference ten-  
...being hung than imprisonment.

...considered his sentence an unjust  
...in opinion, society had been great-  
...by the "suppression" of Mrs.  
...or disposition was not a mild one;  
...ears caused by vertigo and nalle,  
...to denounce his married life, so  
...Mrs. E. render his experience of  
...called by the newspapers a colored  
...communal age.

...over the mud in some of our  
...y think of the lady in a Western  
...a crossing, was seen to lose first  
...her foot, and lastly her stock-  
...tured by her foot—the latter  
...lately on—N. Y. Evening Post.

—The danger of taking hot bricks  
...was illustrated in a town near  
...nights since, when two young  
...ed one in cloth to toast their feet  
...of the bed. They took up in  
...the brick having burnt through five  
...ons of the skirts lying upon the  
...d, a hole in the mattress, a por-  
...ghtown upon one of the ladies,  
...d their feet with smoke.

—AFFAIRS.—Washington, Jan. 7.—  
...the House Committee on Territo-  
...the bill to organize the govern-  
...of governments of Arizona and Da-  
...against the proposed bill for the  
...olona.

...more than a week or ten days ago,  
...laughters of the Earl of Bedford,  
...injuries she received by her dress  
...a saddle and, lastly her stock-  
...the same noble family have met  
...fate, in attempting to extinguish  
...London Paper.

...writes to the Montreal Witness in  
...statements made abroad by the  
...re L. Cayler, of New York, to the  
...Maine Law had proved ineffec-  
...Mr. Dow insists that the stock-  
...increased more than one-half since  
...at that law.

...been reported in the Missouri  
...in accordance with the recommen-  
...Governor, authorizing the calling  
...to repeal "the Kansas ban-  
...appropriating \$30,000 for that pur-

—NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.—The En-  
...bits off the puffing of the N. Y.  
...following, which purports to be  
...of a new paper to be called  
...of a very good name, though  
...of Watery Way would be better.  
...prospects:

...issued on a sheet twelve times as  
...as Constellation, each sheet of paper  
...of 30,000 square feet, which,  
...to acres, is one acre and five  
...to be located, and finally obtain at  
...of the Milky Way nearly a mil-  
...er, at least, a "homestead" of  
...feet. Thus each subscriber will  
...furlong of good substantial ter-  
...riment.

...in this immense edition, Hoe & Co.,  
...and half a dozen other com-  
...been requested for the purpose  
...ing of no single cylinder press,  
...eighty of nine-acre-and-a-half sheets  
...for them, at one and the same  
...the types used up at each edition  
...moth—behold!—is sixty-three  
...two foundries in Philadelphia,  
...Mr. Dow insists that Buffalo, and  
...supply us. Our eighty cylinder  
...se could not be placed in any  
...and no engine can be built suffi-  
...cient to run it. Consequently we  
...d to have it placed at the foot of  
...be Fall at Niagara Falls, and have  
...to get out one type from this  
...point in time, which is the  
...a railroad to the Falls. (Book  
...m to this road are now open  
...ere all who wish, can take stock

...of gentlemen are called on  
...The Milky Way" is culled  
...from the following: William Cullen  
...is George Bryan, Brooks, Seaver,  
...Clapp, Jewett, Andrews, Pope,  
...Griewold, Fairfield, Pope, Hal-  
...of the Boston Post, Sherwood,  
...Bulwer, Bremer, Brougham, D'Israeli,  
...Bulwer, Mrs. Grundy, O'Rourke,  
...Shaftey, Hucker, and  
...Mrs. Ritchie, Kendall, Gray and  
...a Pfundelater, Deesticks, Chop-  
...ow, Dow, Jr., Dayton, H. Ward  
...ington, Sentinel, Sol Lovengood,  
...Inspector, Occasional, Levin,  
...muson, Bird, Channing, Cheever,  
...age, Chapin, Lent, Maury, De  
...Shaftey, Hucker, and  
...Ritchie, Kendall, Gray and  
...ith. (Not John but Elbert Her-  
...Benjamin, George Roberts, Dana  
...e, Raymond, and one or two

...POWER AS A PREVENTIVE OF FEVER.  
...to see favorable mention made  
...of sun-flowers as preventives of  
...chills and fevers, &c. A corres-  
...of the *Sail of the South*, writing from  
...ama which he says was peculiarly  
...gives the results of his ex-  
...and, and in not a single  
...he plans to visit, and he says  
...as did their inmates suffer from  
...his wife, two children, and two  
...all had fevers, he not having  
...the sun-flowers around his own  
...b, in his opinion, accounted for  
...the disease. We trust that  
...New Orleans may be surrounded  
...sun-flowers, that they stand  
...ough every garden and cover  
...of in the city. Who knows but  
...ent yellow fever also? The cor-  
...of the *Sail of the South*, says:

...is, that the sun-flower is the  
...to be the very element in the  
...of the fever, the child and  
...it is the life of the sun-flower is  
...ious to the health of the human  
...I believe that a man could ever  
...who would sleep in a bed of rank  
...This, too, seems to be no new  
...Maury states that his gar-  
...ence—has informed him that their  
...had been long known in

AN OXEN REPORT MARRIAGE.—Mrs. Marchmont, who applied for a divorce from her husband, Henry Marchmont, for cruelty, read the following letter, received from her husband a few days before marriage, in the course of her examination:

"My friend Caroline!—As you wish to have my opinion of you, I will candidly tell you that I think you kind, generous, truthful, loving, benevolent, sympathizing, forbearing, forgiving, gentle, devoted in friendship, and truthful in affection. I love you above all the world. As to myself, I am irritable, unkind, false-hearted, jealous, harsh, deceitful, changeable, proud, ungrateful, hasty, ungenerous, malicious, and utterly unworthy of that love which you have so generously bestowed upon me.

"I am, my dearest love, yours, living and dying.

HENRY MARCHMONT."

We think that Mrs. Marchmont could plead that her husband deceived her by concealing his true character from her.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature met on the 4th. In the Senate, J. Crosswell, Jr. (Dem.) was elected Speaker, by one majority. In the House, W. C. A. Lawrence (Amer. Repub.) was elected by 67 votes for Lawrence, to 32 for Gritman (Dem.).

The last news from Florida river is favorable. The last steamer from Victoria brought down \$200,000 in gold.

Men are never so likely to discuss a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—*Macaulay.*

Music!—oh, how faint, how weak!  
Language fades before thy spell;  
Why should feeling ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?  
—*Moore.*

There are some men whose opposition can be reckoned upon against everything that has not emanated from themselves.

Truth, so they say, lies in a well—  
A paradox, forsooth!  
For if it *lies*, as people tell,  
How can it, then, be true?  
—*Gratitude is a feature much admired, but rarely to be seen.*

## THE STOCK MARKET.

COMMENTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,  
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following are the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.	
<b>LOANS.</b>						
U. S. 5 per cent. 1892	105	—	<b>RAILROAD STOCKS &amp; BONDS.</b>			
U. S. 5 per cent. 1891	105	—	Pennsylvania R.R.	101	—	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1890	105	—	1st mt bond	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1889	105	—	2d do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1888	105	—	3d do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1887	105	—	4th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1886	105	—	5th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1885	105	—	6th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1884	105	—	7th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1883	105	—	8th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1882	105	—	9th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1881	105	—	10th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1880	105	—	11th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1879	105	—	12th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1878	105	—	13th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1877	105	—	14th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1876	105	—	15th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1875	105	—	16th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1874	105	—	17th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1873	105	—	18th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1872	105	—	19th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1871	105	—	20th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1870	105	—	21st do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1869	105	—	22nd do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1868	105	—	23rd do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1867	105	—	24th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1866	105	—	25th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1865	105	—	26th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1864	105	—	27th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1863	105	—	28th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1862	105	—	29th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1861	105	—	30th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1860	105	—	31st do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1859	105	—	32nd do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1858	105	—	33rd do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1857	105	—	34th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1856	105	—	35th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1855	105	—	36th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1854	105	—	37th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1853	105	—	38th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1852	105	—	39th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1851	105	—	40th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1850	105	—	41st do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1849	105	—	42nd do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1848	105	—	43rd do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1847	105	—	44th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1846	105	—	45th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1845	105	—	46th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1844	105	—	47th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1843	105	—	48th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1842	105	—	49th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1841	105	—	50th do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1840	105	—	51st do	94	94 1/2	
U. S. 5 per cent. 1839	105	—	52nd do	94		

The NEW HAMPSHIRE MINING COMPANY was a combination of foreigners, British and Mexican, who fraudulently laid claim to a quicksilver mine in Santa Clara county, California, and got actual possession of it. It was the richest mine in the world. These British and Mexican plunderers made a profit of one million per annum during the eight years they had it. Stanton and Della Torro ineffectually dragged them into the District Court, compelled them to show their title, and then proved it to be utterly corrupt. The U. S. Court granted an injunction against the company, and their profits have ceased.

It is stated that the persons in whose possession imported Africans are found, are liable to heavy penalties, as well as the traders themselves.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Deposits of  
**DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.**  
**ROSS & TOTTEN, No. 181 Nassau St., N. Y.**  
**HENRY TAYLOR, Business, 86,**  
**BURNHAM, FREDERICK & CO., Boston, Mass.**  
**SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.**  
**HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg,**  
**W. PRAGER & CO., 29 West 5th St., Cincinnati, O.**  
**STANLEY & CO., 74 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**  
**A. GUNTER, No. 90 Third St., Louisville, Ky.**  
**HAMAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.**  
**ELI ADAMS, Danversport, Iowa.**  
**F. SEMON, Richmond, Va.**  
**MILTON BOLEHEMT, Mobile, Ala.**  
**J. C. HARRIS, New Orleans, La.**  
**JAMES DAVERNPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.**

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

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### HOPE.

There is yet hope for the dyspeptic! Do not despair if you have been unable to find relief. **HOOTLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS** will cure any and every case of Dyspepsia. It will cure every case of Liver Complaint. It will remove the yellow and sallow appearance from the skin and eyes. It will restore the nervous system to its original vigor, and give entire health to the body. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

**DYSPEPSIA** is one of the prevailing diseases of this country. This is owing both to climatic influence, and the habit of eating our meals too fast. In the New England States, especially, this disease rapidly disappears by the use of the Oxygenated Bitters.

**THE PEOPLE'S PAMPHLET**, which may be had (gratis) of dealers in **DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER**, abounds in certificates of the most reliable character, and such as will convince the most incredulous that it is invaluable as a family medicine.

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## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 4th, by the Rev. F. Moore, **ERWIN HENDERSON**, to **ELIZA Y.** daughter of John F. Bodice, Esq., both of this city. Trenton papers please copy.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. T. Ducker, Mr. J. RALSTON WELLS, M. D. to Miss MARISS, youngest daughter of Peter Frailey, Esq. of this city.

Sept. 20th, 1858, at 1410 Hanover Street, Kensington, by John G. Wilson, V.D.M., Mr. CHARLES ARDEL, to Miss ANN ELIZABETH LANE, both of this city.

Jan. 5th, at the same place, by the same, Mr. JAMES MITCHELL, to Miss ALICE DEVIL, both of this city.

Jan. 1st, at the same place, by the same, Mr. EDWARD SHORE, to Miss MARTHA ANN HERT, both of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. JOS. L. CURTIS, to Miss JOSEPHINE E. WILLIAMS, both of this city. Wedding papers please copy.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Callagher, Mr. GEORGE H. MCCALL, of Salem, O., to Miss JANE J. FENNER, of Salem county, N. J.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. RICHARD F. BOWEN, to Miss LILLIE M. RUSE, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, GEORGE N. DENMAN, of Chatham, N. J. to MARGIE S. daughter of Mr. Chas. J. Priest, of this city.

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## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, **CHARLES W. GRIFFITH**, aged 52 years.

On the 4th instant, **Mrs. ANN BERRY**, aged 41.

On the 4th instant, Mr. ISAAC DENNER, aged 37 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARY A. CLAYTON, aged 51 years.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. MARY GALLAGHER, aged 56 years.

On the 2d instant, **JOHN R. THOMPSON**, aged 52.

On the 2d instant, **RACHEL**, wife of Philip Leitch, aged 39 years.

On the 1st instant, **CATHERINE ANDERSON**, aged 19 years.

On the 30th ultimo, **EDWARD W. MUMFORD**, aged 18 years.

On the 1st instant, **GEORGE HAINES**, aged 52.

On the 31st ultimo, **CHARLES C. EDWARDS**, aged 11 years.

On the 1st instant, **NICHOLAS BROWN**, aged 60.

On the 1st instant, **ELIZA CLOUGHER**, aged 27.

On the 31st ultimo, **WILLIAM TAYLOR**, aged 80.

On the 31st ultimo, Mr. PETER M. POTE, aged 55 years.

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## CRANBERRY CULTURE.

The Subscribers have issued a Circular in relation to the Cranberry and its Culture, and will forward them, free of charge, to all sending a postage stamp to pre pay the same. Also, have the plants for sale, and will send them, free of freight, by express, to all parts of the United States.

Address **SULLIVAN, BATES & CO.,**  
Jan 15-31 Bellingham, Norfolk Co., Mass.

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**FRANKLIN SAVING FUND**  
No. 120 South FOURTH Street  
between Chestnut and Walnut, Philadelphia.  
Depositors' money secured by Government, State, and City Loans, Greenbacks, Mortgage, &c.

This Company deems safety better than large profits; consequently will have no stockholders, pays all deposits on demand, and has all times ready to return with 5 per cent interest to the owner, as they have always done. This Company never suspended.

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**NEW GOODS,**

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is a new variety, but recently intro-duced from a small ten-acre load of straw in the State of Illinois, through whose kindness it was procured. The advantage in preference to the common variety is that one acre is near double the flour is of equal quality and more in quantity. It is not so injured by the August rust, on account of the smallness of the blossom, or its appearance at the same time with wheat, mature the stalk appears liberally with seeds.

An instance of its great yield I will state the person of whom I obtained the seed derived from a bushel of clean seed, its cultivation is no that of the common variety. This I derives its name (Prolific) from its 100 per acre. Believing that a distribution among our farming community will prove the product of the farm, I propose by mail to all who may desire it, a package of the seed, providing the parties order a few postage stamps to pay post office the expense of putting up. Address J. M. O'Leary, Shirleyburg, Huntington Co., Pa.

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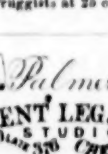
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**PRETTY POCKET-PIECE;**

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CELEBRATED  
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,  
A NEW STYLE. PRICE, \$50

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18 SUMMER ST., BOSTON.  
120 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA  
137 BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE.  
58 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

These Machines sew from two spaces, and form a seam of unequalled strength, beauty and elasticity, which will not rip, stretch, or break, and which but cut. They are unquestionably the best in the market for family use.

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This book has been the means of saving thousands of lives. Price, 25 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, for 40 cents.

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Office 114 Broadway, New York.  
Consultation personally or by letter, free.

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*Evening Star, Washington*.—Everybody ought to have it. It is very right.

*Harvard (Comm.) Daily Government*.—Is just the thing for a pocket-piece. A judicious souvenir.

*Mines's Journal, Pottsville, Pa.*—A very neat ornamental pocket piece.

*Hampshire Gazette, Northampton, Mass.*—The best thing we have ever seen in the Almanac line.

*United States Journal, N. Y.*—Utility and neatness combined—really a useful institution.

*Monthly Rambler, Philada.*—One of the most convenient and elegant affairs of this inventive age.

*Stapleton Evening Express, Lancaster, Pa.*—One of the most useful pocket conveniences we have ever used.

*American Chronicle, Hagerstown, Md.*—Always right.

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*American Sentinel, Plattsburg, N. Y.*—It must be a universal favorite with both ladies and gentlemen.

*Rhetical Companion, Ocala, Fla.*—We take pleasure in recommending it to the public, as one of the most useful, neatest and cheapest little inventions we have ever seen.

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These are comparatively few of the many notices we have received of our Instrument. Already it has had an immense sale, and it bespeaks for itself the patronage of all persons who love

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## Wit and Humor.

### ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE SPIRITS.

Artemus Ward, the showman, has had an interview with the spirits—and gives his experience to the Cleveland Plaindealer as follows:—

"I will hear observe that Mrs. Ward is a valuable woman—the partner of my joys and the sharer of my sorrows. In my absence she watches my interests & things with a eagle eye & when I return she welcomes me in affectionate still. Truly it is with me as it was with Mr. & Mrs. Ingomar in the Play, to wit:—

2 roles with but a single throat  
2 parts which best as I.

"My nature induced me to attend a Spiritualist Circle at Squire Smith's. When I arrived I found the west room full including all the old maids in the village & the long haired fellows also. When I went in I was saluted with 'hear come the benighted man'—'hear come the unbeliever'—'hear come the horey headed skoffer at truth,' etc., etc., etc. See I my friends it's too late hear and now bring on your Spirits. The company then drew round the table and the Circle commenced to go it. They asked me if there was anybody in the Spirit land which I would like to talk with, & I said if Bill Tompkins who was once my partner in the show biznis was sober I should like to converse with him a few periods. 'Is the Spirit of William Tompkins present?' said I of the long haired shade and there was three knock on the table. See I William gone? He said things was rather rough. See I air ya in the show biznis William, & he said he was.

"He said he & John Bunyan was travelling with a side show in connection with Shakespeare, Johnson & Co.'s consolidated menagerie & circus. He said old Bun (meaning Mr. Bunyan) staid up the animals & ground the organ while he tended the door. (Meaning Mr. Bunyan sang a comic song. The circus was doing middlin well. Bill Shakespeare had made a great hit with 'Old Bob Kiddy' and Ben Johnson was delirious the people by his truly great acts of horseanship without saddle or bridle. See I William can you pay me that 18 dollars ya owe me, & he said no with I of the most tremendous knock I ever experienced. I then called for my granfather & turned that him & he said with fare success in the peanut biznis & he said it very well, also the client was rather warm.

"When the Circle stopped they asked me what I thought of it. See I my friends I've been into the show biznis now on 23 years. You doubtless believe this Spirit doctrine, while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man becomes a regular out & out Spirit rapper he leaves off working, lets his hair grow all over his face & commences spangin his livin out of other people. He eats all the dickshennaries he can find and goes round chuck full of big words, scarin the wimmin folks & little children & destroying the piece of mind of every familee he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a curse to society and a pirit on honest people's corn beef barrels. Admittin all ya say about the doctrine to be true, I must say the regular professional spirit rapper—them as make a biznis on it—air about the most ornery set of cusses I ever encountered in my life. So respectly I put on my suit & went home. Respectly Yours,

"ARTEMUS WARD."

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.—A clerical friend of ours was settled over an appreciative congregation on Long Island. Along in October, one of his parishioners, not of the most liberal reputation, stopped after the service, and taking the pastor aside, whispered in his ear that he must not buy a Thanksgiving turkey, for he had a fine one that he was fattening especially for his use. Our friend expressed the gratitude he felt, for it was relieving him of quite an item of expense, and then it showed that his ministrations were not unacceptable. Several times, on passing his benefactor's house, he was stopped, and the noble bird, whom the children all knew was the "minister's gobbler," pointed out. The last time, the farmer told him that he believed he must invite himself and family to dine with the minister on Thanksgiving day, and have a good time together over the delicate tit-bits the fowl would make, which invitation, of course, our friend cordially pressed, though he could not help thinking, when he remembered the number of young mouths thus suddenly called in to assist in despatching the plum puddings and mince pies, that the financial motives of gratitude, in view of this arrangement, had disappeared.

The long looked-for Thursday morning came at last, and Farmer Tight came with it, turkey in hand.

"Isn't it a fine one? Isn't it plump!—and so tender, too! I assure you there will be fine eating here," was his self-satisfied assurance, more than once repeated.

To which our friend tried to match expressions of admiration equally enthusiastic.

"He must weigh eight or ten pounds, Mr. Tight."

"Ten pounds—ten in the notch, I weighed him myself, and he'll come to just a dollar, Brother Edgar."

Brother Edgar paid the dollar, insisted on having them all to dinner, and made an excellent friend of Mr. Tight.—N. Y. Times.

A WISE AWAKE SLEEPER.—Sir Walter Scott used to tell, with great relish, an anecdote of his adventures among the northern isles of Scotland. The island of Santa is one of the worst situated for navigation, and the best for wreckers, of any among the Orkneys; and the story goes that a worthy clergyman of that dangerous spot

"Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is paved," sympathized so deeply with the interests of his flock, that in winding up his prayer for mercy to all mankind, he could not help adding:—

"Nevertheless, if it please Thee to cause hapless ships to be cast on the shore, oh, dinna forget the poor island of Santa!"

## THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE.

I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me;  
Our mutual flame is like the affinity  
That doth exist between two simple bodies:  
I am Potassium to thine Oxygen;  
Thou little that the holy marriage vow  
Shall shortly make us one. That unity  
Is, after all, but metaphysical.  
Oh, would that I, my Mary, were an acid—  
A living acid; then an alkali,  
Endowed with human sense, that, brought to-  
gether,

We both might condense into one salt,  
One homogeneous crystal. Oh! that thou  
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen.  
We would unite to form clefiant gas,  
Or common coal, or naphtha; would to heaven  
That I were Phosphorus, and thou wert Lime!  
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret.  
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid.  
So that thou might be Soda. In that case  
We should be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou Mag-  
nesia

Indeed, we'd form that named from Epsom.  
Couldst thou then Potassa be, I Aqua-dortis,  
Our happy union should that compound form,  
Nitrate of Potash, otherwise Saltpetre.  
And thus our several natures sweetly blend,  
We'd live and love together until death  
Should decompose the fleshly tertium quid,  
Leaving our souls to all eternity  
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs,  
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we  
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?  
We will. The day, the happy day is nigh  
When Johnson shall with beautiful Briggs com-  
bine.

HOW TO TELL A LAWYER.—A few days since, a gentleman, being beyond the limits of his neighborhood, inquired of a port negro who was travelling the same way, if the road led to a certain place. Cuffee gave the required information, but seemed anxious to know who the stranger was, as well as his occupation. For the fun of the thing, the traveller concluded to humor Cuffee a little, and the following dialogue ensued:

"My name is ———, and as to the business I follow, if you are at all smart you can guess it from my appearance: can't you see that I am a timber-cutter?"

"No, boss, you not timber-cutter."

"An overseer, then."

"No, sir, you no look like one."

"What say you to my being a doctor?"

"Don't think so, boss; dey don't ride in sulkey."

"Well, how do you think I will do for a preacher?"

"I sorter spees you is dat, sir."

"Pshaw! Cuffee, you are a greater fool than I took you for. Don't I look more like a lawyer than anything else?"

"No, sree, you don't dat."

"Why, Cuffee?"

"Why, now, you see, boss, I've bin ridin' wid you for more'n a mile, an' you hain't caus'd any, and a lawyer always caus'es."—

Charleston Courier.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY.—A boy had swallowed a silver dollar. None of the faculty could devise any alleviation, and, as a last resort, the inventor of the "Great Universal Pills" was sent for. "It is evident," said Mr. Hack, "that so large a coin can never be forced up, by any emetic known to science; however, give the boy this pill and watch the result." The pill was given, and strange to relate, in less than an hour afterwards the boy threw up the dollar, not in coins, as originally swallowed, but in five-cent pieces. We learn that the patient is as well as could be expected.

This was effectual, but by no means (says the New Haven Register) as ingenious as the plan resorted to by a physician of our acquaintance, who saved the life of a man who had swallowed camphine, mistaking it for gin, by cramming wicking down his throat and burning him out.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOUSE SERVANTS.—Every one of Queen Victoria's subjects is her servant; from the highest to the lowest they are happy to call themselves H. R. M.'s servants. But she has a special corps of help for her own private use.

It appears that the number of individuals employed in the personal service of Her Majesty, exclusive of huntmen, whippers in, &c., not enumerated in the department of the Master of the Horse, is as follows:—In the department of the Lord Steward, 167; in the department of the Lord Chamberlain, 635; in the department of the Master of the Horse, 119; total, 821. Imposing as is this array, there must be added to it the household of the Prince Consort, which consists of a groom of the stole, a treasurer, a private secretary, two lords of the bedchamber, a clerk marshal, three equerries in ordinary, and an equerry extraordinary; two grooms of the bedchamber, four chaplains in ordinary, and a chaplain at Osborne, a librarian, two gentlemen ushers, two physicians in ordinary, and two extraordinary, four surgeons in ordinary, two surgeon dentists, and an apothecary, and a gentleman rider; besides an army agent to receive his pay, and a solicitor to conduct his litigation. Adding these the household functionaries muster 965 strong. In Scotland and Ireland there are two more royal households. The first of these consists of a keeper of the great seal, a lord privy seal, a lord clerk register, a lord advocate, a lord justice clerk, an hereditary grand constable, a knight marshal, an hereditary master of the household, an hereditary standard bearer, an hereditary armor bearer and squire of the royal body (Lady Seyton Stewart), an hereditary carver, an hereditary cup bearer, an hereditary usher, (heirs of the late Sir Patrick Walker), an hereditary scribe, three physicians in ordinary, and a physician seconcher, three surgeons in ordinary, two surgeon dentists, two chemists and druggists, a copper in ordinary, and an oculist, three deans and six chaplains, six hereditary keepers of palaces (nearly all more ruins), and a body guard of royal archers, commanded by a captain-general, three lieutenant-generals, and four major-generals. The Irish household, which is formed on the English model, has among its functionaries two persons described as "gentlemen at large," whose duties must be left to the imagination.



### APPALLING DISCLOSURES OVERHEARD BY AN OLD LADY IN THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO RUFIANS IN A RAILWAY CAR.

FIRST RUFIAN.—"Children don't seem to me to sell now as they used to."  
SECOND RUFIAN (in a hoarse whisper).—"Well, I was at Stodge's yesterday. He'd just knocked off three little girls' heads—horrid raw things—a dealer came in, sir—bought 'em directly—took 'em away, wet as they were, on the stretchers, and wanted Stodge to let him have some more next week."

## Agricultural.

### WORK FOR JANUARY.

WHEAT FIELDS.—Look to those, and keep the water furrows open. It is excess of water in the soil which usually causes winter killing. If you have had "fy" in the fall, grass closely with sheep and other stock, except when the ground is soft.

Tobacco.—Continue to strip tobacco whenever it may be in order, and despatch the work. Get stuff for hoghead siding and heading, so that they may be in readiness without consuming more valuable time later in the season.—The timber for hoops should not be cut until you are about to use it.

Tobacco Beds.—Have brush and wood for burning tobacco beds, cut early: and take the first opportunity of the ground being in proper order to burn, and prepare your beds for seeding. There is not unfrequently occurs a spell of weather in this month, when the ground will be in better condition than at any time again before April. Many planters now think that the necessity of burning is superseded by a heavy dressing of guano. It is applied at the rate of six to eight hundred pounds to the acre, and chopped in when seeding. Top-dressings of guano are used, too, with good effect, after the plants are up. If guano be not used, a good compost of well-rotted stable and other manures which have been kept free from grass seeds should be chopped in at seeding time, and should be prepared now for the purpose of top-dressing in spring. Col. Blackstone, of St. Mary's Co., an experienced planter, applies the freshest stable manure, using wheat straw in his racks while it is accumulating, dresses his beds when ready for sowing with this, and sows the seed on top of the manure. He has practised this method with much success for many years.

Stock.—Have horses, oxen, cows, calves and sheep well looked to. As snow approaches the season of lambing, give them a careful oversight, and feed them some grain, that they may be kept in good heart. Keep your breeding sows in good condition, if you expect from them thrifty broods of pigs. If your working stock of horses, oxen, &c., or your implements of any sort are deficient, supply them without delay.

Carriage Implements, &c.—Have carts, implements, &c., of all sorts thoroughly repaired, if they need it, and keep all well secured from weather. If you have not shedding or house-room for everything now, when the necessity is apparent, and you have the leisure, provide it. Have the gearing all overhauled, repaired, and occasionally greased. Give the blades of scythes, the knives of your Reaper and Mower, and anything about your other agricultural machines or implements that is likely to suffer from rust, a thin coating of grease and beeswax melted together. Have your ice-hooks, bathers melted, saws and axes all ready for a speedy gathering of the ice crop.

Clover Fields.—Let no hoof touch your clover field till the proper season for grazing in spring.

Flower and Grass Seeds.—Have these purchased and on hand early.

Fence Rails and Wood.—Cut early all the fencing stuff you may want, and have your stock of wood for next winter's use out and corded.

Planting Trees, &c.—If you have trees to plant in spring, dig out the holes in any suitable weather; the earth will be better for exposure to the frost—and let there be no overhaste to prevent this being well done. Set stakes near the trees planted out the past autumn, and fasten the trees to them, securely, with ropes of straw, to prevent the evils produced by the winter winds. Turn over and examine all piles of weeds, and other trash, and kill the field mice you will be sure to find in some of them. Fill a bag with straw for a cushion, and get down on your knees, with knife and bradawl, or other probe, and hunt up the grub at his mischievous work in your peach trees.

Manure.—Gather up materials for manure from any source at command. Secure the hog-pen manure. See that the spouting on your

houses throws the water well off, and that the strength of your yard manures is not washed out by it.

Like and Ashes.—If you have either of these manures to apply, they may be spread at any time on grass land. If the land is to be cultivated this season, wait till it is ploughed. The same may be said as to any other manures.—American Farmer.

CURIOUS MODE OF GRAFTING THE PEAR.—The French, it is well known, are very expert in grafting and budding, and have long since operated on all sorts of plants, including tomatoes, on potatoes, cucumbers and other singular plants—sometimes for profit; at others, apparently more to show to what extent the art can be applied. Another singular practice has just come to light, through the medium of a correspondent to the English Gardener's Chronicle, which is the working of flower beds of the pear, taken from bearing trees, on to barren ones. The extract reads:—

"The finest pears exhibited (Paris Hort. Exhibition) were produced from flower buds, which had been inserted on barren spurs of other trees during the previous autumn. This method of budding is called by the French, 'Greffes de boutons a fruit,' which to me was a novelty in horticultural manipulation. The whole spurs were cut from the trees, to show the buds inserted, which latter had produced no wood shoots, but only the fine fruit in clusters of three and four. The best specimens were those of Poyenne d'Hyver, Duchesse d'Angoulême, Beurre Clairgeau, Belle de Berry and Belle Angeline."

Another method of grafting, exhibited at the same time, reads as follows:—

"Connected with the fruit department, was a series of fruit trees in pots and tubs, for the purpose of exhibiting the different methods of grafting, budding, pruning, training, &c., which afforded much interest, and were closely inspected by both practicals and amateurs. To me some of the manipulations appeared ingenious as well as effective. One curious mode of grafting is interesting in a physiological point of view. It consisted of the leaf on an orange tree, which had produced roots from the foot stalk, after which the parenchyma was cut from each side of the mid-rib near the centre, when a scion was grafted on the latter, which was barked into a regular and vigorous plant. I understood the person to say that these scions were covered with mould, into which they soon rooted, when they had both the advantage of their own roots, and those of the stock on which they were grafted."

WORTHLESSNESS OF BLOCK TIN WATER PIPES.—Mr. J. Crawford Neilson, a Baltimore architect, of high reputation, writes to the American Farmer as follows:—

"The frequent cases of poisoning, which have been occasioned by using lead pipes to convey the usually clear water of our springs and pumps in the country, have naturally caused inquiry for some safer material. Among these substitutes, block tin has been highly recommended, and notwithstanding its great cost, such pipes have been used by me for my own house, and for those of other persons. I have to state that the best block tin pipe, manufactured in New York, and declared to contain 99 per cent. of pure tin, has proved entirely good for nothing—sometimes not lasting one year. I am aware that information of this sort is of importance to gentlemen living in the country, as out of fifty-three country houses which I have built, thirty-two have been completely provided with supplies of water."

MOSS FOR WINTER USE.—Where moss can be obtained from swamps, or from other sources, it may be applied to many valuable uses in keeping vegetables, &c. Beets, turnips, parsnips, &c., often shrivel in cellars, and become nearly valueless. Pack them in boxes, with alternate layers of fine, slightly damp moss, and they will keep as fresh as when taken from the earth where they grew. Cabbages may be finely kept in the same way in cellars. There is nothing better for keeping apples than to imbue them in soft, scarcely moist moss. We have no doubt that if dry, it would answer admirably for grapes, but have not tried it.—Country Gentleman.

## PREPARATION AND TREATMENT OF TOBACCO PLANT BEDS.

In the Farmer of November 29th, there is a communication on Tobacco Beds, by "R." of Amelia county—some of the positions of which I can by no means assent to—being directly opposite to my experience. His experience is, "that as a general thing it is not safe to top-dress with stable manure." My experience is that it is not only safe, but highly advantageous; and this opinion of mine is corroborated by the experience of some of the best tobacco makers around me—and hence I will state how and when I apply the stable manure.

Early in the winter I take out of my stable some manure that is free of trash, and put it on a plank floor where it can get thoroughly dry; when it gets so, it is then forced through a guano sieve, very little rubbing being necessary. I will here state that I never cover my beds with any kind of brush, but before the plants appear, I give the beds a good coating of this dry, fine manure; this operation is repeated in a few days after the plants make their appearance, and then once or twice afterwards; never passing over any spot, however bare of plants; as experience and observation have taught me that the coating of manure will, in most cases, cause the seed to germinate where they had not done so before. Where the manure is dry and fine, you may cover the plants up entirely, without the least risk of injury.

I find that dry, fine stable manure weighs eleven pounds per bushel; and I have, the last spring, applied as much as four bushels to one hundred square yards—which would be forty-four pounds to that space. One bushel (eleven pounds) at a time, gives a very good dressing; but I have applied at one operation as much as one bushel and three quarters; that would cover the plants entirely up, if they were small.

If the fly attacks my plants, I apply a very thick coating of this dry, fine stable manure; for my opinion is, that if anything will drive them away, this thick coating of manure will. Let the manure be dry and fine, and then watch the beds closely; a plant bed needs sowing; if the farmer does not do this himself, there must be a trustworthy person to do so in his stead. Do not give it up to Tom, Dick and Harry. I am not opposed to top-dressing with guano, but do so after the plants get to a tolerable size—for instance, in the last two or three weeks before planting.

As yet I have said nothing respecting my mode of preparing plant beds; and as it differs very widely from the plan in common use, I will here state what it is. If I take a piece of fresh ground, (I prefer standing beds,) I apply axes and grubbing hoes, until all roots are taken out. I then apply the new-ground coulters, working it as deep as I can; and after getting off what roots had been left, I cross-coulters; this time forcing it up to the beam. I then hoe it as fine as I can with grubbing hoes, and next with broad hoes until I get it to a fine tilth, after every operation, getting off as closely as possible all roots; then rake it over, getting it quite smooth.

The bed is now ready for the guano. I apply it at the rates of about four hundred pounds to the acre; hoe it in deep with broad hoes, and then rake over nicely. I next cut with the grubbing hoe small trenches, running across the bed, and some ten feet apart, and nearer than this if the ground is in any way soggy; then sow the seed and pat the ground with the foot. No matter how many of these small trenches there are, no ground is lost; for they are made before the seed are sown, and of course the sides and bottom have as many seed sown over them as any other equal space of ground.

My preparation of standing beds is nearly the same as above. I coulters very deep, and use grubbing hoes and broad hoes until a fine tilth is obtained; deep and thorough working is needed. About the first of August I cut off close everything that is on the bed, and cover it over to the depth of five or six inches with leaves, which are removed a few days before burning. About three years ago there appeared in the Farmer a communication on plant beds, from which I drew some valuable lessons, worth far more to me than the subscription price of your paper during my lifetime; and hence I have thought that as I was greatly benefited by a brother farmer, it was my duty to try to benefit some other one.—S., in the Southern Farmer.

SEACHES.—This complaint comes from bad grooming—allowing horses to stand long with muddy feet, &c. If the horse is poor, give a generous diet. If in good condition, give cut hay or straw, with bran or ship-stuff, once or twice a day—and reduce the feed of oats. Then keep the feet clean by means of good castile soap and water, and use unsalted land to aid the healing process. This will be probably enough. We may add, however, that Professor Morton, of the Royal Veterinary College, recommends the following:—Equal parts of vinegar, linseed oil and turpentine. Wash the heels with lukewarm water and castile soap, and, after wiping dry, apply the mixture.

"TAKE A CHAIR."—An English gentleman arrived at a change-house in Osterdale late one evening, and was lucky in obtaining the only spare bed. Presently, when he was on the point of retiring to rest, a Norwegian lady also arrived, intending to spend the night there. What was to be done? Like a gallant Englishman as he was, he immediately offered to give up his bed to the "unprotected female," who was mistress of a little English. "Many thanks; but what will you do, sir?" "Oh! I will take a chair for the night." At this answer the lady blushed, and darted out of the room, and in a few minutes her carriage was driven off in the darkness. What could be the meaning of it? The peasant's wife soon after looked into the room, with a knowing sort of look at the Englishman. He subsequently discovered the key to the enigma. The lady thought he said "he would take a chair," and was, of course, mightily offended. So much for a smattering of a foreign language! Doubtless, from that day forward, she would quote this incident to her female friends as an instance of the natural depravity of Englishmen.

## The Riddler.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 51 letters.  
My 8, 19, 28, 14, 45, 29, 41, was the son of Ecce-lapius.  
My 25, 2, 18, 38, 11, 40, 23, was a surname of Bacchus.  
My 26, 49, 32, 7, 46, 34, was a division of the Roman Empire.  
My 16, 37, 34, 3, 6, 33, 18, 40, 13, is a book of the Old Testament.  
My 31, 35, 44, 29, 15, 46, 51, 47, is a division of Italy.  
My 17, 36, 18, 11, 28, 1, 33, 15, was one of the fates.  
My 2, 48, 29, 25, 9, 50, was an ancient name of Great Britain.  
My 28, 14, 19, 36, 42, 29, 51, 25, 1, was a whirl-pool, the terror of ancient mariners.  
My 28, 21, 46, 7, 4, 20, 14, was one of the most splendid cities of ancient Greece.  
My 42, 2, 5, 16, 45, was a lake in Asia Minor.  
My 23, 49, 27, 6, 39, 22, is a celebrated fish.  
My 12, 2, 36, 51, is attached to most houses.  
My whole is an institution of learning in Maryland.  
B. F.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only four letters compose my whole,  
And for it many have risked their soul;  
Erase my third, and you will see  
What many have made my whole to be;  
Transpose the same, and you will find  
An animal, faithful, loving and kind;  
Erase my first, and I'm sure that you  
Will declare that I am far from new.  
Ah! now you have it, I declare,  
Then let it not be to you a snare.  
W. S. KING.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY A. K. HOWRY.

Upon almost every farm  
My first you can find;  
My second is what some men  
Are often defined.  
My third is a useful agent,  
Keep it in subjection—  
My whole you can surely guess  
With a little reflection.  
Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.  
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 7, and I am a beverage.  
Omit my 5, 6, 7, and I am idle talk.  
Omit my 1, 3, 5, 6, and transpose, and I am a habitation.  
Omit my 1, 2, 3, 7, and transpose, and I am what we all do.  
Omit my 1, 5, 6, 7, and I am a protection for the head.  
Omit my 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, and I am a proposition.  
Omit my 6, 7, and transpose, and I am a deceiver.  
My whole is a fortified house.  
Cape Island, N. J. J. P. McGOVERN.

### ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We blur. Hope Co.  
Oct.—st. Maud S.  
Bent net. Quiver links.  
U led. See, cap!  
If R. send. Try aged.  
St. Hog. Rot in a store.  
GAHMEW.

### SPECULATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A person wished to go into a certain speculation, but having no money, borrowed some at 5 per cent. He now went to business, and gained during the year at the rate of 1 per cent of the capital increase; he then paid off the interest due, renewed his loan at 6 per cent, invested what was left, and continued another year, when it yielded him only 1 increase on this new investment; he then paid off the interest, renewed the loan at 8 per cent., and tried the same speculation the third year, again investing stock and gain in the business; but times getting worse he gained only 1-5 increase to the investment. He now paid off his borrowed capital and interest, when he found he had gained \$3,082.00 by his whole three years speculation. What sum of money did he borrow at first?  
AUGUSTUS.

### CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What ship's boat ought to contain a happy crew? Ans.—The jolly boat.  
Which is the best site for a lunatic asylum? Ans.—The Seilly Islands.  
What is a question?—Why cannot a cook swallow her apron? Ans.—Because it goes against her stomach.  
BRILLIANT AND CONVINCING.—When is a lamp like a traveller who has just got out of a vehicle? Ans.—When it's a hot lighted.  
Why is an old chair that has a new bottom put to it like a paid bill should be? Ans.—Because it is re-vested (recepted).  
Why is a screech-owl like a Siddle? Ans.—Because he makes a vile lingo (violet go).

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—When thou art buying a horse, or choosing a wife, think thine eyes and counsel thyself to God. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Saxa Nevinigen Hilburg-hausen. CHARADE.—Goose-berry. CHARADE.—Acorn. CHARADE.—Hamilton (Ham-ill-ton). ANAGRAMS.—Subterraneous, Principality, Hypocritical, Mineralogy, Lamentation, Mediterranean, Obliteration, Establishments, Military, Inferiority, New Hampshire, Improvingness, TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.—365 acres, 75 perches. A. H. wishes to correct his answer to Quintilian's problem of Nov. 20th. The correct answer he believes to be—The Eagle that flies 180 miles an hour flies 222 2-3 miles, and the other 277 7-9 miles. Carleton G. Palmer gives the same solution—while J. Sammis, Babylon—and Benjamin J. Friedlander, Belleville, give 2,000 and 2,500 miles.

A GOOD REPLY.—A truckman driving along a team the other day, all the horses in which were like Pharaoh's lean kine, except the leading one, was asked by a port sea captain whom he met, why the *four horse* was so fat and all the rest so lean. "Because, captain," said he, "the *four horse* is the captain and the others are the sailors."—New Bedford Mercury.